# ADRASTA:

OR,

# THE WOMANS SPLEENE,

*And*

## *LOVES CONQVEST.*

A Tragi-comedie.

Never Acted.

---

Horat.

*—— —— Volet hæc sub luce videri,*
*Iudicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.*

---

*LONDON,*

Printed for *Richard Royston*, and are to be sold at his Shop in Ivie-lane, next to the Exchequer Office.

1635.

# TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE, THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL: *And others* His Friends and Musophilus: EUGENIUS wisheth Pierian love, benevolent aspect, and candid Censure.

HAving long since (honour'd Gentlemen, and friends) finish'd this Play, and fitted it for the Stage, I intended to have had there the Promethean fire of Action infus'd into it: being thereto encourag'd by the generall good liking and content, which many of you vouchsaf'd to receive in the hearing of it; which way it never yet miscarryed, but still had all that the eare could give it: and with whom some prime wits of both the Universities, and those that were learned in this facultie (competent Iudges enough) have in their free and open Censures unanimously accorded. This I say was encouragement enough for me to prefer this little Gloweworme (which I had, as yet, only fostred and kept warme with mine owne breath) to the Stage, and to bring it into that Noble nursery of Action, where Dramatick Poëms usually and rightly take their Degrees of applause from them that can best judge, the Spectators; that, as it had been before only demissa per aurem, it might be now at length Oculis subjecta fidelibus. But the Players,

upon a slight and halfe view of it, refus'd to doe it that right; The reason I well know not, unlesse perhaps it had not in it so much Witchcraft in Poëtry, as, now tis known, the Stage will beare. Be what will, it hath again been under the file since they saw it: and now by the earnest impulse of some particular friends, necessity concurring, my selfe also willing to avoid farther trouble and care for it, that it might not hinder the conception of things more worthy your care and sight; I was, unwillingly, forc'd to publish it to the World; where being freely exposed to all censures, I doubt not but many a dogg-tooth'd Cynick will have a snap at it: But I know already they will not be worth my anger, and therefore should be loath to spend any part of my Title upon them; only I wish them to note this saying well:

Anothers work to reprehend
How easie tis? how hard to mend?

In the mean time I doe submit it wholly to the learned judgements of you all (Gentlemen) for whose delight it was conceived and written; To you doe I repaire both for defence and candor: hoping that you will vindicate this harmelesse piece from the rash censures of malevolent and unskilfull Iudges, whilst I take leave to say;

——— ——— *Demetri teq; Tigelli,
Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare Cathedras.

* Ambubaiarum Collegii Alumni.

What tho it was never acted? I hold the deep and solid eare a more faithfull messenger to the understanding, than the eye: Grave Auditors are still welcomer to the Muses, than light Spectators: such I meane as applaud only of toyes and bables (Poscentes Vestro multum diversa palato) are like Americans meerely taken with bels, rattles, and Hobby-horses,

*horses, not reliſhing the perfection of nature nor ſolid Art, though Induſtry labour to feed them with both at once. But this excuſe is left for them: Invincible Ignorance ſatisfies before God and man. This hope remaines to us,* Non omnes eadem mirantur amantq;. *What though it never tooke the Degree of the Stage? I preſume you are all Learned (Gentlemen) and know better how to judge by the eare, than by the eye, though both may exerciſe their functions here: As well a foole as a good Phyſitian may come from Padua: & an Aſſe may graduate himſelf at Athens. Wherefore now (Gentlemen) if you be lovers of the Muſes (and ſuch I would have you all) I need not then doubt of your benevolent aſpects, which will ſoon beget a candid cenſure. I make but one* Muſophilus *of you all, to whom (as it were)* Uno in multis, *I dedicate my endeavours beſtowed upon this* Poëm, *hoping to find in you all, ſeverally, that fundamentall ſimilitude and common Ration in your loves to Learning, by which you may eaſily retribute that recompence to theſe Labours, which the Stage deny'd*

Your true Honorer,

JOHN JONES *Eugen.*

# The Actors names.

## Prologvs.

Cosmo *a Duke.*
Adrasta *his Dutchesse.*
Lucilio *their Sonne.*
*Lady* Julia *a widdow.*
Althea *her daughter.*
Antonio *a Courtier and friend to* Lucilio.
Camilla, Fioretta } *the Lady* Julia's *women.*
Rigazzo *a Page to* Lucilio.
Alastor *a villaine but a Coward.*
Assassino *a Blade or desperate fellow.*
Micale *a Witch.*
Sarvia *her daughter.*
Navarchus *a Master of a Ship.*
*One Mariner or Ship-man.*
*M^r* Frailware *a Grocer and Constable.*
*Mistris* Ambrosia Frailware *his wife.*
Debora *her maid.*
*M^r* Damasippus *a lecherous Stoike.*
*Mistris* Abigail *his wife.*
Damon, Arminio } *two Shepheards.*
Laurinda *a Shepherdesse.*
*A messenger.*

## Epilogvs.

The Scene Florence.

*A little before the Prologue comes forth, enters one of the Actors and sits downe on the Stage as a stranger, awhile after enters the Prologue and stumbles at his legs.*

*Gent.*

HOw now Prologue! is your mind so much on your part, that you must run over men as you goe?

*Prol.* The fault was yours sir, that would so carelesly sit in his way, that was to doe his part by you; tho we hope to run over some before we have ended; and yet without any Cynicall observation, especially of the wise.

*Gent.* Why for *Iuvenal's* sake? what has thy new turn'd Poetry vented? will you raile? will you be satiricall, and bite? and rub the City with salt?

*Prol.* Faith sir you must know, that the giddy loosenes of vicious humors, does so rankle in most parts of our time's imposthum'd gallantry, that tis a hard thing *Satyram non scribere*: and therefore we are desirous to launce it a little, and give the sore an issue, that vanity seeing the foulenesse of the matter which made it swell to such a seeming greatnesse, may loathe it selfe, and seeke a cure for the disease.

*Gent.* Doe yoe heare Prologue! your Author is a foole: is he desirous to buy Fame at such a rate, that he wil smart for't? will not examples move him? can he not live private, but he must be medling with *Tigillinus*? Did he never heare of the Proverb, that it's better railing at *Hercules* then at a Clowne to his face? I prethee tell him of it, and let him know, tis better live still private and unknowne, then have our smarts to ev'ry eare be blowne.

*Prol.* Troth it is true sir, Ile put him in mind of it.

*Gent.* I prithee doe, and tell him withall, that so choise an Audience desires not to glut their eares with others infamie, nor ever wish'd their mirth should feed upon the ranke distemperature of other mens vices; but come to behold a Scene merry and harmelesse, as free from sower invectives, as fulsome bawdery: as for those whose dull palats can relish nothing

nothing, unlesse it be sawced with the verjuice of a tarte pen; be hostile enemies to their pithes and new wings, and scorne to beg or buy a reconciling; their defects make them desperate, and their envy cannot blast an unbeholding wit: to the candor of the rest, any mirth will be more pleasing than railing: some harmelesse and innocent humour, that may passe with allowance of the times, will be welcomer to them, and safer to you.

*Prol.* Sir in our Authors name I thanke you: and would you but please to speake with him your selfe———

*Gent.* I will presently, and dissuade his intention, and yet I doubt not but to give sufficient contentation to his *Auditors*, whose patience I feare I have wrong'd by interrupting their *Prologue*. *exit.*

*Prol.* I should have opened the Argument of our *Play*, but stumbling on this stranger, makes me doubtfull what wee shall have——— howsoever ———

# Prologue.

The selfe distrust that guides his bashfull pen
Wills him intreat your patience, and if then
This slight worke please you, time more purely spent
Shall once more sweat to better your content:
Lighter defects a serious Muse amends;
And slight beginnings have some perfect ends.

The

# THE VVOMANS SPLEENE, AND LOVES CONQVEST:

## A Tragi-Comedie.

### Actus 1. Scena 1.

*Enter* Antonio *and* Rigazzo *the Page.*

*Page.*

*Signior Antonio*, pray how did you like the Maske wee had here to night, for my Lord *Lucilio's ben venuto?*

*Anto.* Well of a wooden one, set forth by a Dancer and an Architect, as the fashion is.

*Page.* Alas *Signior*, there must bee something to prolong and strengthen these devices, when Poëts, in favour of the ignorant, are faine to leave them so short winded, and almost speechlesse.

*Anto.* So sir; But now tell mee *Rigazzo*, what have you learn'd all this time you have beene with your Lord at the Vniversitie?

*Page.* More than I can reckon *Signior*, and yet I have the Art of memorie to help me.

*Anto.* As what sir?

*Page.* I can name you all the Alehouses and Tavernes in *Athens*, and most part of the Bawdy-houses; marry to know them all, onely Night, that has beene some seores of yeares acquainted with them, and the Devill that gathers their rents, could teach me: and indeed I was too young to be their scholler, else I might have beene a better proficient in them too.

*Anto.* I thinke sir your time was spent in such studies.

*Page.* No, not all *Signior*, I can steale as desperately as a *Pursivant*; fiddle the Geese, Ducks, Hens, Lambs, and Calves, five miles

round by booke; and cover the matter as smoothly as your Citizen does his perjury, and your Stoick his Lecherie: for I had most sober Graduates for my Tutors in all.

*Anto.* 'Twas pitty your Rogueship had not proceeded Master of Art in the faculrie of theeving.

*Page.* It's no matter *Signior* for theeves to proceed Masters of Art, when so many Masters of Art doe proceed theeves, and that's the least conversion, you know *Signior*.

*Anto.* Are you so nimble at your Logick sir?

*Page.* As a hungry Scholler at a Henroost.

*Anto.* Take heed you labour not your selfe out o'breath, your learning's but short winded.

*Page.* Long enough to runne with a Stoick, *Signior*. I may bee able to reade moralitie, get me some night-geere, and a red Nose, and then I am most illustriously compleate.

*Anto.* Away, the Duke. *Sound Cornets or Hoboyes.*

*Enter* Cosmo *the Duke*, Adrasta *his Dutchesse*, Lucilio *their Sonne*, *Lady* Iulia, Althea, *&c.*

*Duke.* Thus hath our cost and best invention sweat
To seale your welcome from th' *Athenean* Schooles;
And trust me sonne, your thankes are much in debt
Vnto these Ladies, whose too prodigall loves
Have search'd for jewels, thus to doe you grace.

*Lucil.* My Lord, I doe acknowledge it a debt
As to their loves: Onely your Princely care
To grace our new returne hath so surpass'd
The former expectation we conceiv'd,
That I am forc'd now to confesse I live
A desperate bankerout to your royall favours.

*Duke.* Your good deserts may soone requite our love;
But tell us, How does learning flourish now
In *Athens?*

*Lucil.* Iust as Vertue at the Court;
For with the times affecting ignorance
'T has banish'd true industrious labour thence;
And vicious loosnesse finding none resist,
Has so ingrost the most refined wits,

And by the terrours of her sensuall threats,
Bred such deluding Crocodiles in their braines,
That like the thirsty swift Egyptian dogges,
They scarcely taste of those faire seven-fold streames,
Into whose depth their industrie should dive:
And having onely got a seeming face
Of superficiall knowledge, 'mongst the grosse
And beast-like sense-conceiving multitude,
They most ambitiously seeke and pursue
Vulgar applause for their poore out-side skill,
« And by such mudwall stayres doe often rise
« Vp to the top of abus'd dignities.
*Duke.* How can deserving vertue flourish then,
If sacred learning be so sleighdy sought?
*Lucil.* As twinn-borne sisters, both doe share alike
Their equall portions in the worlds esteeme,
For in those hallow'd places, which a true
And carefull liberalitie did consecrate
As pure religious shrines to god-like Skill,
Where Vertue richly invested with her best
And precious ornaments, might give a full
And glorious lustre like a noone-tide Sunne;
There ugly Vice, even in the basest formes,
Climing by steps of Art up to the height
Of horror, standeth in a *precipitt*,
And thrust but one step farther, with her fall
Will crush her selfe, and overwhelme the world,
*Duke.* To grieve at this, were in these senseless times
To become monstrous; and to feele no griefe,
Were to be senseless with the times themselves.
Lucilio *courts* Althea *Aside*
*Duch.* Observe him good my Lord, and let your eye
Be jealous now ——
*Duke.* Have patience good *Adrasta*,
We strive in vaine to bandy with loves power
And unresisted Charter of the gods,
Which time and absence ne'r could violate.
*Alth.* — As is your soule. *aside.* Althea *to* Lucilio.
*Lucil.* O be prodigious then!

And in despight of custome let the world
See that it's possible a womans minde
Can rest in one: you must be valiant too,
And dare th'affrighting dangers that we meet;
I feare we have swelling passages to wade,
« For we must feele amidst a world of evils,
« A womans Spleene, worse than the worst of devils.

*Duke*. Now Lady *Iulia* let this cõfirme your welcome,
And yours *Althea*: trust me I could wish
The season so disposi'd, since that our sonnes
Happy and safe returne has made us glad,
That we might dedicate a longer time
To harmlesse mirth: but now the night growes old,
And we shall wrong your patience too too much.

*Exeunt all but the Duchesse and* Lucilio.

*Duch*. Must it be so? Have all those lavish signes
Of undeserved favours heapt on you
By your too carefull father, and our self,
Been spurres to your contempt? Or could the sweets
Of our affection prodigally cast,
Make you not relish what your duty owes?
Else did you thinke because they alwayes ranne
In such an uncheckt current to your will,
That no ingratitude could make the ebbe?
O impious times! wherein a parents care,
When shee has combated the pangs of death
To give her children life; stood all her time
Like to a carefull Centinell for their youth,
And spent the nights in pensive watchfulnesse,
(Forcing soft nature to forbeare her rest)
To plott their good; must all be frustrated?
And by a childs proud will see all things crost?
Their Parents hopes, and their owne fortunes lost?
How hath our love to thee? our wishes toyl'd
To build thy passage to a higher spheare.
And by some noble match to raise thy House,
And must thy base attempts looke downeward still?
Mongrell our blood? and set a lasting scarre
Vpon our progeny, by fixing thus

Thy

Thy stubborne passions on base *Iulia's* childe?
*Luer.* Madam, not to yeeld what Nature makes us owe,
Were to bee made lesse reas'nable than beasts;
And nothing's more against a generous minde,
And freeborne spirit, than foule Ingratitude:
Yet must your Grace remember that we take
Nor all from Parents: the hand of heaven and Fate
Does by the last infusion of the soule
Give the rich forme, and by a secret tract,
And unavoyded path, leads us to what
Seemes good to it; and though our mindes be free
In this impulse, wee love by Destinie.
I must confesse I love; nor was the flame
Of my affection, when it kindled first,
Like to a paper fire, that with a blaze
Of lust, begins and ends at once, and leaves
Nought but black infamie behinde: nor can
The least dishonour staine our Dukedomes title
From her, whose Blood stands firme by long descents,
Even in the heart of unbought nobleneſſe,
Whose Reputation's sound, Revenues faire,
Beauty able to inrich a Dukedome, and deserts
To be an Empresse. Were then our fortunes rais'd
By those high steps to which I should aspire
To joyne with greatnesse, I must joyne with vice,
« For they are oft observ'd to joyne their hands,
« And he not stoops that stayes where Vertue stands.
*Duch.* Has *Athens* taught you bee an Oratour?
Degenerous boy, Ile coole your vertuous flame,
And make thee rue the baseneſſe of thy choise. *Exit.*
*Lucil.* How deepe a conflict doe my thoughts indure
'Twixt Love and Dutie! Were not a mothers tongue
That wrong'd thy worth *Althea*, I would have torne it
From out th'injurious throat in thy revenge,
« And held it to their eyes, to let them see
« How it had wrong'd it-selfe by wronging thee. *Exit.*

*Enter Mistris Frailware and the Page.*

*Mistris Frail.* By my troth I am glad to see thee well my little Gallow-clapper; how hast thou done this many a day? ha!

*Page*

*Page*. Faith prettily well Mistris *Fraileware*, as a man of my profession might; I had all the chiefe trades in the City to help mee doe well.

*Mistris Frail*. What trades were they, thou wert too young for any occupation yet.

*Page*. Not above three yeares at most: but I earn'd something with working and wayting on my Lord, as Tankard-bearers, Labourers, and Servingmen doe: I stole and cozen'd, as Taylors, Shopkeepers and Cutpurses doe; I let out my Lords books, and tooke money for the use of'hem, as the later ends of gouty Merchants doe: and yet for all this I was forc'd (as many of you Citizens are) to goe many times to bed with a hungry conscience.

*Mistris Frail*. You'll never leave your crackery, but tell mee prethee sirrha, is *Athens* a fine Towne? What be these College, like? didst thou goe to schoole there?

*Page*. O, an excellent place for a woman that will use trading: You shall have the Schollers lie at your sweet Frailes night and day; they bee forc'd to sweeten their disputations with Grocers reasons: and custome could not but make your husband one of the head men of the City presently.

*Mistris Frail*. Now by my troth I thinke it were a very good place for a stale shopkeepers wife of the City to set up in: o my conscience, a woman of our occupation might thrive there.

*Page*. I, and she were down never so low, the schollers would doe it — and how does Master *Damasippus the lecturing Stoick*? When was he here?

*Mistris Frail*. Dost remember him? let me see — o my honesty, I never saw him since his last morall Lecture against the sinnes of the flesh — yes heaven forgive me to sweare, now I remember me, the same day my husband went a duck-hunting; and then he came hither, and brought mee many good things: wilt thou goe to him againe sometimes for mee? Ile give thee some figges and Tobacco.

*Page*. Yours to command; Ile smoake in your businesse then i'faith.

*Mistris Frail*. Prethee come to me when my husband is out of the shoppe. *exit.*

*Page*. Adieu the two desiring sinnes of the City, Avarice and Lechery: if I doe not meet with your morall venery, would I might

might goe lowſe, and have but three pence to play with this moneth. *Exit Page.*

*Enter Ducheſſe and Alaſtor.*

*Duch.* Come good *Alaſtor*! be but ſecret now,
And I ſhall live indear'd unto thy faith;
The matter much imports us; and in caſe
That my rewards ſhould dye with me, the State
Will one day thanke thee for't. I have his ſeale,
His hand and ſtile exactly counterfeit:
Then heare thy charge; Thou muſt this evening haſte
Covertly to the Lady *Iulia*'s houſe——
But canſt bee ſecret?

*Alaſt.* As your owne thoughts Madam,
I can ſtick as cloſe to any peece of villany
As a Punk to a Farmers ſonne new gentiliz'd;
And when beſides ſo many good angels tempt,
They are enough——to make a woman keepe counſell.

*Duch.* Well then; make meanes to ſpeake there with *Alithea*,
Tell her thou com'ſt from Lord *Lucilio*,
Who in important buſineſſe has imployed thee;
I know ſhee'll take thy meſſage privately:
Deliver her this letter; ſeeme that *Lucilio*
Has none but thee on whom he can relie
In this ſo dangerous an enterpriſe:
Shee upon this will bee more free and open
To the deſigne: then marke her, good *Alaſtor*!
Obſerve each word and geſture that ſhee uſes;
If thou canſt wring a looke that may diſcover
But a conſenting thought, it will ſuffice:
For when offending lives withſtand our will,
Wee muſt ſeeme good, though we determine ill. *exit.*

*Alaſt.* Here's a villanous pitfall to ſtifle a poore wench in; who can bee a beggar, now, that's not afraid to bee damn'd? well, I can no more tell how to thrive without doing villany, than greatneſſe can without doing injury. Pretty peece of man's fleſh! my heart will leap when I ſee thee come off the Rock like a Mag-Pie; and I ſhall wiſh, for thy ſake, that nature had made women a little lighter, all of feathers, that they might have taken hurt by

no,

no manner of falling: but pitty is a thing clean out of fashion, and the high way to irreparable Beggary; Ile none of it. *exit.*

*Enter Lucilio, Antonio, Page.*

*Anto.* Nay good my Lord yeeld not your self so much
To these unseason'd Passions, that doe sit
Like midnight on your thoughts; me thinks the ayre
Of *Athens* should have purg'd these humours quite:
In troth, my Lord, the world will condemne you.
*Lucil.* Of what *Antonio*?
*Anto.* Why of melancholy.
Which some define is weakenesse in a Lord,
And in a Lady pride or fullenneſſe,
But in a wise man 'tis flatt foolery.
*Lucil.* Prethee forbeare *Antonio*, let me in silence
Vent out the cares that overwhelme my soule;
Thou know'st how deep an angry mothers spleene
Wounds the soft love that I am forc'd to beare
To my *Altheas* vertues. How can I chuse
But weep away my youth, when I remember
The dreadfull oppositions which my soule
Hath formerly sustain'd for her; the cares
That have out-runne my yeares, and like to corsives
Have eate into my flesh, there seiz'd upon
All faculties of life, and spred their venome
Through every veine and sinew of my heart?
*Anto.* 'Tis your owne fault, that thus will spend your selfe
In such extreames of passion, that encrease
The number of your griefes above your spirit;
Faith 'tis unmanly done; call you this love?
*Lucil.* *Antonio*, thou mistak'st the name of love
In thy *Lucilio*, if thou conceiv'st it dull
And sprightlesse melancholy, whose corroding humour
Feeds on the faint dejection of a minde
That dares not meet an apprehensive thought
Of least misfortune, but it basely yeelds:
I have held up, thou knowest, against all plots
A womans wit could manage or invent,

Or cause the Duke my father countenance
To blow out the chaste flame of my affection,
Have laid my breast open to envy's spight,
And suffer'd even to banishment it selfe;
If I may tearm't a banishment from her
Who is all things to me, divine *Althea*,
Life, Countrey, fortune; all that this world cals happy.

*Anto.* Strange Symptomes of affection!
*Lucilio*, say, *Antonio*,
Was it not Banishment? that even when *Love*
Had licens'd us in heav'n, and meant to send
*Himen* to earth in white and Priestly robes
To joyne our hands, as *Cupid* had our hearts,
Then to be taken hoodwinke from my hopes,
And sent in haste from Court, just in the harvest
Of my desires, to combate with the Arts,
The aire and clime of *Athens*, whil'st the Sunne
Trebled his course to the Coelestiall Ramme.

*Anto.* Yet know my Lord that your indulgent Parents
Out of their Princely care intended it
But as a course of Physick, to recover
Your love-sick thoughts, hoping that Time & Absence,
Joyn'd with the precepts of Philosophy
Might purge you to a remissnesse of affection,
And by degrees conquer this mouldy passion.

*Lucil.* All which supposed remedies deare friend,
Set the disease a working, much lesse cure it:
True love, *Antonio*, is immutable,
A divine Charter of affection
Confirm'd in heav'n, and can by no prescript
Of Art or Nature ever be restrain'd.

——— *Nullis amor est medicabilis herbis,*
——— *Nec prosunt Artes.*

*Anto.* Yet since in vaine you strive
To bandy with a mother, me thinkes Love
Tir'd in the depth of woe, should call your Reason
To a new choise fitting your Birth and Fortunes.

*Lucil.* Call woes to woes, I am resolv'd to trie
The worst of spleene; and since her vertuous thoughts

Have daign'd to meet affection, that on wings
Of true borne faith hath rais'd it selfe, to claspe
With her deserts, the most austerest tempest
Envy can showre upon our innocent loves,
Shall ne'r dis-joyne us.

*Anto* I have done my Lord.

*Lucil.* Then prethee *Antonio*, let me in peace retire,
I feele some strange events lie at my heart
My thoughts cannot presage: I feare, my friend,
I have but dream'd as yet, but now mine eyes
Must wake to meet true solid miseries.

*Exit Lucilio.*

*Anto.* To see how strong love is, and the command
It has o'r humane hearts! Poore Lord, I know
Thy true-borne griefes are firme, and that chast faith
Never conceiv'd to wave with floating likenesse;
Makes thee thus sinke into the depth of sorrow.

*Page.* Nay, good *Signior* follow him, put him out of the humour, or else he will turne madman shortly.

*Anto.* Why sir?

*Page.* Because he thats first a Scholler, next in love, the yeare after, is either an arrant foole or a starke madman.

*Anto.* How came your knavery by such experience?

*Page.* As fooles doe by newes, some body told me so, and I beleeve it. But in good earnest I had forgot to tell my Lord of the message he sent me in.

*Anto.* Whither in the name of *Mercury* was that?

*Page.* To see how the Lady *Donna Fiozza* did.

*Anto.* Oh! how does her beauteous Ladiship?

*Page.* Sick, terrible sick.

*Anto.* Physick defend! prethee of what disease?

*Page.* Yesterday her Monkey had a fall off the side table, and ever since she has had a strange fit of an ague.

*Anto.* How does her Lord?

*Page.* Faith not well neither, and therefore he begins to be most sparingly vertuous.

*Anto.* The pox he does.

*Page.* On my fidelitie you are the foule mouth'dst gallant that ever wore Cloves in's Gummes: you say an Italian Count has the pox.

*Anto.*

*Anto.* Your neater word good *Galateo*?

*Page.* By this light you Courtiers bee the dullest creatures living; you learne nothing but flattery and begging. You must know sir in a Nobleman 'tis abusive; no; in him the *Sarpigo*, in a Knight the *Grincomes*; in a Gentleman the *Neopolitan* scabb; and in a Servingman or Artificer the plaine Pox: just as your saying goes, that Noblemen bee never drunke, but take a surfeit; Schollers be ill at ease; and poore men onely they are drunke, yet all's but one disease: There's an old rime for you: adieu *Signior*, I must to my Lord.

*Anto.* Farewell hedge-pike. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Althea and Alastor.*

*Alth.* Did my Lord so farre impart the businesse to your selfe?

*Alast.* He did, and does intend to use my help alone in effecting of his project.

*She gives him a letter and money.*

*Alth.* I prethee returne him this answer, and bee silent.

*Alast.* Sweet villany, thou art the thrivingst trade under heaven. *Exit.*

*Alth.* Warme blood assist me! how has wonder seiz'd
The frozen passages that slowly guide
My shivering spirits up to the seat of life!
Murder the Duke! now innocence forbid,
And let our selves be as our loves, unstain'd.
Tyrannous affection! can thy transforming power
Enforce our passions thus beyond our selves?
Rob us of nature and the sense of man?
Seize all our actions? force us to forget
That we are children? and with loves finger blot
Cleane from our thoughts the pietie we owe
To them that gave us life? Carry us headlong
To such a gulfe of sinne? where we must drowne
Our selves, our honour, and that secure content
A guiltlesse conscience brings to innocence!
Ah deare *Lucilio*! how are thy vertues dimm'd
In my best thoughts, that like a Christall mirrour
Still held the shapes of thy deserving actions

Vnspottedly resembl'd ! what spirit of night
Has mixt it selfe with those untainted vowes
Thy never yet ambitious soule pour'd forth
To attend our loves ? Some Angel, deare *Lucilio*,
Descend into thy fancy to perswade thee
By all the bands Love, Duty, Nature, Heaven,
Can bring to binde thee in a tender feare
Of roughly breathing on the softest ayre
That toucheth but his safetie, to desist
From this unnaturall act of paricide.
Fatall experience speakes; and makes it good,
They stand not firme that rise by steps of blood.

*exit.*

*Enter the Duke and Ducheſſe.*

*Duke.* Vrge me no more : the white unspotted hand
Of never trecherous justice, shall not blush
By our imbrewing it in bleeding innocence.
Nor shall posteritie in after times,
Seeking examples of black tyranny,
Finde our names registred in the Catalogue
Of those whose deeds have given wide infamy
Life to attend their memory, and brand it
With shame, more durable than brasse or marble.
*Duch.* Yet good my Lord respect your falling State,
Let not that watchfull eye that never slept
In carefull pursuit of your peoples good,
As now regardlesse of your houses Honor,
Be dazell'd with imaginary feare
Of meere suppos'd injustice. Shall foule mouth'd rumor
Besprinkle our whole race with *Iulia's* blood,
And follow it into posteritie
As a live witnesse of your loose neglect ?
Methinkes those politick rules of government
Which you have study'd, should at last informe
Your scrupulous conscience, making it to know,
What oft doth seeme injustice, is not so.
*Duke.* Can there be more than shedding guiltlesse blood ?
*Duch.* They highly offend that let their Countries good.

*Duke.*

*Duke*. They let no good, that never did deny it.
*Duch*. 'Tis guilt to live when as their deaths may buy it.
*Duke*. But 'tis not good that's bought at such a rate.
*Duch*. No price is great that makes Kings fortunate.
*Duke*. They be not fortunate that rise by vice.
*Duch*. Who stayes till Vertue lifts will never rise;
And therefore dearest Lord by those chaste vowes
Which first I brought unto your nuptiall bed;
By that attractive beautie which mine eyes
Once gave your youthfull thoughts to feed upon,
Preuent this mischiefe, let the strumpet die,
Whose baseneſſe staines your ever princely blood,
By sitting sole Commandresse in the thoughts
Of our degenerate sonne, the onely hope
Iust heaven and nature now has left your Throne.
Let not that god of fooles, soft Conscience, then,
That seldome findes a name 'mongst perfect Statesmen,
Sway your experienc'd wisedome, but provide
Your honour live, when all yours selfe have dy'd.
*Duke*. Death to mine eyes, I must see thee kneele,
Thy words have charm'd my soule, benumm'd my thoughts
Against the stinging touch of sharpe remorse;
I will resolve her death, nor shall she live
That stands 'twixt full content and thy desires.
But how shall swift wing'd fame, my deare *Adrasta*,
Be held from loud proclaming our disgrace?
Policie will's some seeming cause be had
To make that good which justice knowes for bad.
*Duch*. Leave that to me; I have procur'd from her
A letter, whose points but chang'd transferre the sense,
This in the publike Sessions being read,
And shee acknowledging the hand and seale,
Will be a most sufficient testimony
Of traiterous attempts against your State
Aud person, which the grosse multitude
Will never scanne, but confidently, hold
Her condemnation just.
*Duke*. Wee'll then give order
For her attachment and imprisonment.

Meane while your selfe may with perswasive words
Prepare *Lucilio's* minde to meet her death.
So's justice wrong'd, and innocence must die, *aside,*
When they withstand a womans tyrannie. *exeunt.*

---

## Actus 2. Scena 1.

*Enter Mistris* Frailware *and Mistris* Abigail.

*Mistris Frail.*

ILe ensure you 'tis true Mistris *Abigail*, my Husband was call'd from my side at midnight by the Dukes Pursivant at Armes, commanded to bring his weapon ready with him, because they would reprehend my Ladie *Iulia's* daughter in her bed; nay, I am serv'd so many times in the yeare; and if it were not for a little honour wee have by being the Constables wife of the Parish, or leave to build a new Pue in the Lecture house, or meeting at the Quest-house sometimes; wee had better never bee in authoritie, than have so many hewings and cryings, such pasportings; that the whole yeare while our Husbands be Magistrates, we be very widdowes, for any feeling we have of thé; and if we had not their company in the day some times, we should eene forget wee were maried: 'tis too true Mistris *Abigail*: but you have a happy turne.

*Mistris Abig.* Indeed Mistris *Frailware* our Husbands should not be troubled with common businesse; and Master *Damasippus* does meditate and practise his Principles by my side till nine a Clock many times. But I pray, what did you heare was the cause of my Lady *Iulia's* daughters contamination?

*Mistris Frail.* O, why shee was in love with my young Lord *Lucilio*, and would have, God blesse us, stabb'd the Duke with a panado, and then be marry'd where the Dutches would or no.

*Mistris Abig.* Now *Iove* forfend it! How desperate be these princock Gentlewomen when they be in love! they'll venture upon any weapons: I marvell themselves be not afraid of stabbing: I warrant you shee'll to the Rock for it.

*Mistris Frail.* I cannot tell that; but a friend I have in the Court was here before breake of day and told me all.

*Mistris Abig.* Lord Mistris *Frailware* have you any friends in the Court?

*Mistris*

*Mistris Frail.* I these seven years, Mistris *Abigail*, have I had friends there, and acquaintance too, I thanke my beautie, three yeares before I was marri'd. Ile tell you Mistris *Abigail*, these Courtiers be the finest, sweetest smelling Gentlemen that be; they will have some friends in the City now and then, for varieties sake, but they'll pick and chuse: and for mine owne part Ile ensure you, that before I was marry'd, of a browne-wench, marke what I say, to speake of a browne-wench, I was as sweet a creature as liv'd. There was a Nobleman here in *Florence*——I, there was a Knight too that would eate but little meate except——however it was my hap to sell figges in the Citie; Ile ensure you that my flesh was so tender, that if a fellow with a strong breath had kiss'd me, all my lips would have blister'd. I wore my silke Stockins then, and my Bodkins of beaten Gold, I thanke my own wit, and had Velvet Cloakes, and Velvet Coloches come to see mee.

*Mistris Abig.* Doubtlesse you were one of the happiest living, to have such blessings: I would to heavens my husband, or I, might have an Office under these Courtiers, that I might have friends at Court too.

*Mistris Frail.* Ile ensure you Mistris *Abigail*, many of 'hem be able to doe a woman a good pleasure sometimes; and yet there be some againe that promise more than all their strength can performe too, when they be put to it; for alas, Courtiers doe for so many, that they cannot doe for all: for mine owne part, I have try'd 'hem, and try'd 'hem agen; and some of 'hem have stood to mee very sufficiently and friendly, when I have come to see the Masking and Beare-baiting there.

*Mistris Abig.* God's my pitty, is there Beare-baiting at Court? doe the Ladies love Beare-baiting?

*Mistris Frail.* O, abomination: they'll so shift for corners and places to be at it, that their waiting gentlewomen can seldome come to the pastime. And how does your good husband Master *Damasippus*?

*Mistris Abig.* In good deed la not well: hee has beene ill at ease ever since t'other night.

*Mistris Fra.* Ah sweet man! he does so labour, and labour to fill us with moralitie, that hee's ee'n tyr'd out in the Citie amongst us.

*Enter*

*Enter Master* Frailware *and his man with Holbeards.*

*Master Frail.* Fie upon't: how heavy this authoritie sits upon us! ever since midnight in the Dukes businesse! but it stands us upó it; 'tis for the credit of the City: we must doe more than one bare Office, or wee cannot bee good subjects. Here take in my weapon. *Exit man.*

*Mistris Frail.* I'faith 'tis a fine time o'day to come home at: Gods my precious, doe you thinke to leave me so still? from twelve a Clock till I rise I must lie alone dreaming, and dreaming, sometimes that you are dead; sometimes that I am with childe, and a lust for a thing that I cannot have; sometimes again that you have falne downe the Stayres, and broke your back; and such fearfull dreames that I cannot rest an houre, because I can doe nothing but dreame.

*Master Frail.* O, good wife! we be for this yeare Magistrates Officers of place, men of imployment, the upholders of the Citie, the eyes of the Common-wealth: and therefore when matters of State call, wee must come with wisedome, and with severity answer our Vocation.

*Mistris Frail.* Focation me no Vocation: for as true as I am marry'd, if you put me in such frights by going away, and leaving mee in the darke, Ile get me a bedfellow shall stick closer to mee, so I will; cannot you have a Deputy as well as an Alderman? I hope you are in authority too.

*Mistris Abig.* O patience deare Mistris *Frailware*! patience with your Spouse: my husband told me that patience was one of the ten morall vertues.

*Mistris Frail.* I Mistris *Abigail*, if a woman had such a husband as you have, that were able to put patience into a woman; she might easily be content and have mortall vertues enough too.

*Master Frail.* Nay prethee Duck be quiet: when the Sessions are past wee shall have more leisure; meane while lets in, and drinke this fury over in a cup of Canary. Come Mistris *Abigail*.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter* Lucilio *with a bagge, as if apparell were in it.* Antonio.

*Lucil.* Let it suffice *Antonio* that thy friend
Entreats thy silence; nor let thy curious love
Question our farther projects; leave to enquire
Till time and rumour shall disclose the Plot
Of my intentions, whose unexpected end
Shall stand beyond preventions murdering sight,
And turne the edge of spleene upon it selfe:
Thus much I will impart unto thy faith;
What fits thee not to know, leave to desire.
*Anto.* My Lord impute it not to curiousnesse
That I have urg'd your patience to unfold
What you intend; for by the hallowed name
Of zealous friendship, which my heart retaines
Engrav'd by your deserts, 'tis only love
That makes me thus seeme jealous of your good
However would your Grace but try my faith
By making it a partner in your ils,
Till having pass'd these stormes. and beene approv'd
Inviolably firme, it may deserve
The name of friend to which 't has long aspir'd,
*Lucil.* Nay, now thou complement'st and dost afflict
The tender love thy faith hath bred in me.
I tell thee friend I must not trust the ayre
'Twixt thee and mee; the nights concealing shades
Shall never hear't disclos'd: not that I feare
Thy friendly silence; but the barren plot
Of my invention, will admit but me
Into the doubtfull scene; I must alone
Finish the Act my hopelesse love began.
O my *Antonio*! could my sorrowes poure
Into thy breast but halfe what I conceive,
What could the spleene of potent envy adde
To the vast heapes of mischiefe, that doe lie
Vpon my groveling fortunes, now cast downe
Beneath the base of misrie and griefe?

When I muſt ſtand like to a ſenſeleſſe marble
Frozen into a ſtone with ſtrong reſpect
Of filiall duty, and ſee *Althea* dye,
Throwne downe by my ambitious love, that aym'd
At her tranſcendent vertues. This wounds my heart,
And puts a fire to the cold melancholy
That hath ſo long poſſeſs'd my chilled ſpirits,
And bids them ſeeke revenge, that when fraud thinks
To ſeize upon the neck of innocence,
The repercuſſive flame that will reſult
From their abhorred deeds, ſhall ſinge their wings,
And make them fall as low as were their actions,
Where they ſhall lye and view the ugly ſhapes
Of all thoſe miſchiefes that attend oppreſſion.
But now conceale me friend, and be no more
Inquiſitive of the particulars,
Report will ſoone divulge the ſcope of all.
If abſence cauſe inquiry after mee,
Let fall ſome ſpeeches that I am withdrawne
To a retired privateneſſe awhile,
Vntill *Althea's* Tragedy be o'r,
Not able to affront my ruin'd hopes,
Nor ſtand Spectator at her guiltleſſe death.
So fare thee well, and if we never meete
Remember that I liv'd and dy'd thy friend.

*Anto.* Doe not torment my ſoule, but let me ſhare
Thoſe paſſages of danger, that oppoſe
Their hideous jawes againſt your innocent hopes;
For at no greater rate man ſels his breath,
Then with a friend to buy a faithfull death.

*Luei.* Thy words *Antonio* cannot adde an Atome
To the full love that's harbour'd in my breaſt
Of thy true reall worth: then be content,
And leave me, for 'tis impoſſible that more
Than my unhappy ſelfe can bee contain'd
Or have an Action within the narrow limits
Of my deſignes.

*Anto.* Then thus I take my leave
With as much feeling paine, as if my ſoule

Were by some violence shot from out my bowels,
Farewell my Lord, my vowes and wishes guard you
From awkward Fate, whil'st I 'twixt hope and feare
Attend the issue of these strange attempts.

*Exit Antonio.*

*Lucil.* So now *Lucilio* arme thy selfe for death,
That from thy blood she may regaine a life
And freedome, whom thy weake affection sold
To undeserved slaughter and black infamy.
Immoved powers! we must not aske you why
And yet methinkes I could expostulate
The reason of this mixture in the frame
Of all our Vniverse! why every perfect good
Is girt with such a multitude of ills?
Not the most sacred and puissant Throne
Of divine Iustice (whose Majestick forme
Beares a resemblance of that Power Supreme
That equals Kings and Slaves, by giving each
Deserved vengeance for their actions
Can stand secure, but all the brood of hell,
Bribes, Respects, Envy, and what e'r perverts
The strictest line of vertuous equity,
Will presse up to the Iudgement Seat, and there
Transforme the beauteous picture of the Godhead
Into the hatefull shapes of tyrannie,
Of blood and murder——But I forget my self,
And like en angry woman, chide the Heavens,
When I should doe. Fortune and stealth assist
My just adventures; and a friendly sleepe
Seise all the eyes and eares that would pursue
Our harmlesse Stratagems. This is the window,
If my directions faile not, that does imprison her,
Whom Vertue, Nature, and the mild aspect
Of all the Constellations sweat to make
A free-borne Empresse ——

*He throwes a stone up to the window; Althea lookes out.*

*Alth.* Whose that?
*Lucil.* Lucilio.

*Alth.* O my deare Lord!

*Lucil.* How fares my *Althea*?

*Alth.* As one that lives but in the armes of death,
And like a froſt-kill'd wormie is halfe reviv'd
By your faire preſence, whoſe deſired ſight
Makes a warme blood poſt through my trembling veins.
To tell my heart this newes, that ere I die
I once ſhall ſpeake to you: But I muſt chide
Youe Grace my Lord, that would ſo ſtaine your love
With fouleſt ſpots of blood.

*Lucil.* Blood to their ſoules that thought it, for by
The ne'r appaled heart of innocence,
The new-borne babes firſt ſmiles were ne'r more chaſte
Then was my breaſt frō thoughts of murder. O *Althea!*
What will a woman loath, that's all poſſeſt
With wrath, and has the killing voyce of Juſtice
Tun'd to pronounce her mercileſſe revenge?
The ſword by her ſteel'd conſcience edg'd to ſlaughter,
And undefended lives to worke upon?

*Alth.* It was your ſeale and hand that did perſwade
Me to the murder, but my ſelfe return'd
Diſſwaſive arguments to beate you from't.

*Lucil.* It was my ſeale, which by my mothers charge
'Tis thought the Page ſtole out, without ſuſpect,
As I conceive, of miſchiefe; all the reſt
Was meerly counterfeit. But bee adviſ'd,
And I will choake the hungry throat of Treaſon,
That gapes for blood, with ſuch a working pill,
As it ſhall loath to ſwallow, and vomit up
Their bloody plots in ſick repentance.

*Alth.* No my deareſt Lord, let me in contentment die,
Since you are innocent, and in my Tombe
Bury your danger, that have thus long ſate
A heavy burden to your happineſſe.

*Lucil.* Long maiſt thou live untill the gods, *Althea*,
Shall ſummon thee from hence to make a ſtarre,
And grant Commiſſion to the winged Poſt
Of heaven, to ſteale away thy ſoule in ſleepe:
That Divine mould was not ordain'd to ſuffer

A painfull ſhipwrack in thy lifes departure.
*Alth.* 'Twill ſweeten much the bitterſt throes of death
When I ſhall thinke my labouring ſoule does worke
For my *Lucilio's* reſt: then let my guiltleſſe Ghoſt
Securely paſſe up to the fields of peace,
For I am weary and would gladly die.
*Lucil.* Vrge it no more, the very ſound of death
Wiſh'd to thy innocence, comes like a clappe
Of armed thunder to mine eares, and thou
Shalt live, though I ſhould ſearch the utmoſt tortures
Tyrannie did ere invent, to find a death
Might ranſome thee: and therefore if thy love
Does yet reſpect *Lucilios* conſtancy,
Reſolve and ſecond mee: Diſpute no more,
But make ſome meanes to let me downe a line,
That I may faſten this diſguiſe unto it.
*She lets downe a line, to which*
*he faſtens the diſguiſe.*
There draw it up, and put it on with ſpeed,
Suſpitions eye dogs every ſtep I tread.
*She drawes up the bagge, and*
*while ſhe is cloathing.*
How ſtrong is ſad affliction on my State!
When I muſt ſteale a death, and thinke me bleſt if none
Doe interrupt my paſſage to deſtruction.
Oh that the paths of Fate ſo ſtrange and invious
Should lead us into life, and through a Maze
Of chances, bring us to ſuch unpaſſable periods,
That we muſt leape the bankes, and give our breath
To ſhunne the ills that doe incounter us.
Come, have you yet diſpatch'd?
*Alth.* I have my Lord; but what of this?
*Lucil.* Then once more lend your line.
*Having againe let downe the Line,*
*ſhe drawes up a Ladder of Cords.*
Faſten thoſe Hookes to your window, and come downe.
*Shee faſtens the Hookes above, he below:*
*And then coming downe he imbraces her.*

A more troublesome descent then from the Rock,
But your fall gentler. So: Now flie *Althea*,
And live as happy as my unhappy love
Had made thee miserable: time may bee
More friendly to thee, and beget some meanes
That thou maist one day sit amidst thy friends--
Nay, doe not weep *Althea*; thou shalt see
This will worke both our freedomes: and if I die,
My silent Ghost shall in the pleasingst formes
At mid-noon dayes come oft to visit thee.
Farewell——*They kisse, and he offers to goe up.*

*Alth.* What meanes your Grace?
*Lucil.* To out-runne trechery, and winne a Goale
That shall enrich my name, make envy swell,
And drowne her selfe in overflowing Gall.
*Alth.* Ile meet the uglicst shapes that ever Death
Appear'd to Nature in, before Ile leave
Your Grace expos'd to danger for my life.
*Lucil.* No more, for I have vow'd what I intend,
And if thou dost withstand it, to make this houre
The last of breathing to mee: therefore be gone;
Ile lie at Stake my selfe, that you may steere
No interrupted course; and since the law
Gives Virgins leave to pleade and die conceal'd,
I with this Scarfe here will bee your Attorney:
Hasten your flight, least mischiefe finde you slow,
Wee shall both fare the better. At the Parks end
By a Fount that riseth from the Chaulky Banke,
*Camilla* stayes with your *Viaticum*:
Shee'll be thy partner in thy banishment.
Once more farewell; and, if I die, for ever.
*Alth.* And if you die I shall not long out-live you.
*He goes up into the window.*
In what a sad dilemma stands my soule
In this divulsion betweene love and danger!
Yet blesse mine eyes once more with sight of you.
*Lucil.* Farewell *Althea*. *Alth.* Dearest Lord farewell.
*Lucil.* Againe farewell *Althea*! all the favours

Of

Of Guardian Angels, and mild'ſt influences
Propitious Heaven retaines, waite on thy ſufferings. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Alaſtor and another Servant ſetting the Barre, and laying Cuſhions.*

*Alaſt.* Come diſpatch, the Duke's at hand.

*Serv.* I wonder he ſits himſelfe in judgement to day.

*Alaſt.* The matter in queſtion is great.

*Serv.* Many thinke the poore Gentlewoman is innocent.

*Alaſt.* They be fooles to ſay ſo.

*Serv.* Why, is't a folly to ſpeake what they thinke?

*Alaſt.* I, as very a folly as to be vertuous indeed: Do'ſt imagin twill gaine any thing but hate?

*Serv.* Yet many dare pawne their lives that ſhee is guiltleſſe.

*Alaſt.* None but ſuch as were predeſtin'd never to bee great; they bee tender conſcienc'd dunces: they never learn'd *Eſops* Fables.

*Serv.* Why for that?

*Alaſt.* Do'ſt not remember the tale of the Lion that baniſh'd all horn'd beaſts from Court?

*Serv.* That was a madd Lion i'faith—

*Alaſt.* That then the Foxe went away as baniſh'd too; becauſe if the Lion ſhould ſay his prickt eares were Hornes, what then?

*Serv.* But ſhe was thought ever vertuous and modeſt.

*Alaſt.* Shee would not have beene guilty ſo ſoone elſe: ſhall a ſwaggering wench that will take Tobacco eight and forty times in foure and twenty houres; talke bawdy as familiar as an Oyſter wife; retaine ſeven ſervants with good backes, and a weake husband to keep Doggs from doore; have no priviledge above ſuſpected vertue?

*Serv.* Faith I remember when I went to Schoole, my Maſter vs'd to tell us a Verſe or two out of a Poët——*& hic damnatus inani——Iudicio*: I ha'forgot the Poëts name, but I remembred the Verſe by another, where he inſtructs creatures of our faculty.

*Alaſt.* Why what does he teach us?

*Serv.* Nay nothing but tells us onely, that if wee will thrive by ſervice, we muſt be either cloſe Panders, palpable flatterers, or cozening Villaines.

*Alaſt.*

*Alaſt.* A good Servingmans Tutor was that Poet I warrant him.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Duke at one doore, with* Antonio, *Page, and other Attendants. At the other doore* Lucilio *in* Altheas *apparell, his face covered with a Scarfe, brought in by a Purſivant at Armes,* Frailware *and others with Holbeards, as a Priſoner to the Barre.* Damaſippus.

*Attend.* Give back there, and let the priſoner ſtand forth.

*Duke.* How did wee thinke, that when the ſtormes of warre
Were with our danger, care, and coſt expell'd
From out theſe confines, and the warmth of peace
Turn'd like a Spring to ſhine within your bounds,
We ſhould have ſate ſecure? Or after all
Thoſe toiles, that ſpent our ſtrength, dry'd up our blood,
Haſten'd the hand of time to ſeize our haires,
Before his date, and onely in purſuit
Of your (lov'd people) ſafty and content;
Our owne now fainting wearineſſe of age
Should taſte that freedome which our labours bought
In plenteous fulneſſe for the pooreſt ſwaine?
And we have clos'd the Evening of our age
Within a fearleſſe ſlumber? But how weake
Are all the hopes that wretched Princes faine!
When in the calme of peace, while wee ſuppoſe
Our perils baniſh'd, and our ſelves ingirt
With ſuch impenetrable love, as we
Embrace our people with, then ſtand our lives
Expos'd to thickeſt dangers, which conceal'd
Doe ſtrike the deeper, and are warded leſſe.
Such is the miſerie that followes State,
That when we want abroad, we finde at home
Foes to beſiege our lives. The diſcontent
Of ſome aggrieved ſpirits, that thinke we ſtand
'Twixt their deſires and them; and which is worſe,
The idle paſſions of unbridl'd youth,

Rather

Rather than misse those hopes enflamed lust
Has fir'd within their thoughts, will overturne
Whole States, and climbe up to their aymed ends
By our heap'd slaughters: Yet I least had thought
Such Tragick Acts had knowne a womans breast,
Nor if I could, *Althea*, would your life
(Strong to retort suspition) once permit
Our least mistrust to staine your vertuous name:
And had we not by heavens appointment found
Vnder your hand and seale the firmest proofes
Of tempting our owne blood to paricide;
Suspitions strongest proofes had ne'r induc'd
Our never lightly credulous beliefe
To harbour your dislike? But should we now
Neglect our safety, and our Countries good,
When all the Providence of Fate conspires
To bring those treacherous practises to light,
Which Heaven abhorres; wee should contemne the Heavens,
Abuse that forme of justice we sustaine,
And stand as guilty of those wastefull ruines
Our cruell mildnesse gives your actions scope
To call upon your Countrey and our selves.
We therefore by the Lawes denounce you guilty
Of Treason 'gainst our person and the State.

*Lucil.* Were it for life my Lord I stood to speake,
I scarce would give the breath that I must spend
To save that life: But since your Grace does know
A womans prejudice has doom'd our death,
For my names life-lle speake, and not for mine;
If infamy might die when we doe die,
I would be silent: for know my gracious Lord,
I scorne to beg a life, but come all arm'd
In such a compleate innocence, as dares
Meet angry injustice in the jawes of death,
And without trembling stand his violence.
But that these Acts of blood, these horrid crimes
Of paricide, of lust, and hellish sinne,
Which will out-live our Tombes, and make our names
Come hatefull to posteritties Records,

Should have a birth within a Virgins breast
That never yet was conscious of a wish,
'Gainst your desired safety; I must take leave
To tell your Grace, that it was meerly feign'd
By the bloody hand of Envy, to cut off
That sacred band of love the Heavens have knit
'Twixt your sonnes heart and my chaste innocence
Nor doe I taxe your justice for my death,
But doe impute it most to his fond love,
That by protests of vertue and desire,
Drew my beleeving soule to his affects;
For when my feares urg'd these ensuing ils,
His uncontain'd affection breaking forth
In signes of extreme passion, so consum'd
My powers, that had my thoughts beene cold as Snow,
His zeale pour'd out in such inflaming vowes
Would melt them.

*Duke.* We must check your impudence,
That swels beyond the bounds we did expect
Your modesty should have observ'd: you wrong
Our sonne, and in our sonne our selves; know you
This hand and seale?

*Lucil.* I doe my honour'd Lord,
Yet were that Hand and Seale never found guilty
Of conceiv'd wrong 'gainst or your Sonne or you.

*Duke.* 'Twill speake it selfe, call it to witnesse then.

*One readeth the Letter.*

*MY Lord the attempt is dangerous and foule, therefore desist not; to enjoy the sweets our present Nuptials would bring could I endure your hand stain'd with such an Action. More when wee meet: feare not; but — Heaven and Fate will second vertue. Be still your selfe, and I will rest*

Yours more than mine.
ALTHEA.

Lucile *Duke*

*Duke*. Had you a priviledge to shrowd the bluſh
Your conſcious guilt caſts 'gainſt the eyes of Heaven
As from our ſight you doe conceale the Die
That writes your Acts in ſhame upon your Cheekes,
You might deny theſe proofes, and ſweare them fain'd;
But that all-ſeeing power that notes the wild
And ſecretſt paſſages of mans conceit,
Deteſting thoſe foule crimes of luſt and blood,
Reveales your Acts. Stand therefore, and from the Seate
Of Iuſtice heare your doom; ſince your ambitious hopes
Soar'd up, and by our Blood did meane to climbe
Into that Seat which Nature and our right
Had given to us: be therfore from the Rock
Throwne with your hopes, that your example teach
How low they fall, that climbe above their reach.
And you *Antonio* we charge to ſee
The execution ſpeedily perform'd. *Exit cum ſuis.*

*Manent Lucilio, Antonio, Page, Damaſippus.*

*Lucil.* As ſweet as cooling dew comes to the breſt
Of ſcorched Autumne, ſo Deaths ſlumber fals
On oppreſs'd innocence. And good *Antonio*,
Since 'tis your charge to ſee us dead, let mee
Entreat this favour that my body be
Speedily interr'd: and pray you tell the Duke
That I requeſt his Grace not grieve too much
Hereafter, for what I willingly now ſought,
And he againſt his will made me to finde.
Then that I may have a little ſpace in private
To bid the world farewell; and this is all
A dying Virgin begs, and for your friend
*Lucilio's* ſake you muſt not now deny it.

*Anto*. Wonder of womé! could my attemps but yeeld
Halfe what my heart conceives, theſe limbs ſhould die,
As many ſeverall deaths as they containe
Conduits of life, to make your innocence live,
For your *Lucilios* ſake, whoſe woes will ſwell
Poore Lord, like to a winde-driven Ocean,

When he shall heare you dead, and beare him downe
To some disastrous end.

*Lucil.* You are deceiv'd,
Deare friend; *Lucilio's* woes end with my life.
Nor will a thought of griefe, a teare or sigh
Trouble his peacefull sleeps when I am dead.
But I shall straine your patience too farre, and give
The Duke a cause to blame your too much favour.

*Exeunt.*

*The Page puls* Damasippus *back to speake with him.*

*Dam.* My little least of any thing, thou pareell of man, what's the newes with thee?

*Page.* Newes from the Fortunate Ilands Master *Damasippus*: The very *Elizium* of your delight, and delicious *Nectar* of pleasure; Mistris *Ambrosia Frailware* commands halfe her selfe to your learned conceipts, and the rest to the heate of your inferiour Moralities.

*Dam.* O the odoriferous flowre of *Florence*! How does shee?

*Page.* In able strength and strong appetite: and earnestly entreates this evening your presence at Supper: her Husband will bee forc'd by Oath businesse to be absent; and therefore you must feed her with the fruits of your company, and you shall bee fed with the strength of confirming meates that edifie.

*Dam.* Thy reward shall overtake thee: I will first accompany this Lady to her death, and prepare and strengthen her according to moralitie, and then I will be ready to give all moral comfort to the sweet desires of our deare Paramour. *Exit.*

*Page.* Ile meet your moral comfort with such a Physicall counter-buffe, that Ile spoile your tilting for that night i'faith.

*Exit.*

## Actus 3. Scena 1.

*Enter* Antonio, Lucilio *following, and by him* Damasippus *as going to the Rocke, the executioner,* Frailware *and others with Holbeards.*

*Damasippus.*

AND as I told you sweet Lady, make your reconcilement with the world, that you bee not hindred from your death: if you owe any thing, you must forgive and forget it, that you may dye according to moralitie.

*Lucil.* I thanke your labour Master *Damasippus,*
I hope my peace with heaven and earth's confirm'd,
And you shall need trouble your selfe no farther.
But you *Antonio*, whose deserving trust
Must be a witnesse of the lateſt gaspe
Our fainting soule shall draw, tell to the world
How undivided was the tender love
Betwixt *Althea* and *Lucilio's* life:
And let me vow't into thy full beliefe,
That the soft Ayre faun'd with the cooling breath
Of a milde Sommers Evening from the West
Was not lesse murderous than *Althea's* wish—
Nay weepe not man, we cannot weepe our selves,
We doe intreat this death to end our woes,
Not to encrease them. Farewell *Antonio*;
And if in after times you heare our friends
Sigh for our hapleſse death, bid them desist;
We did but quench the thirst envy had chas'd us into.
—Come honest friend
Discharge your Office, for sorrow 'gins to sit
Heavy upon our heart that faine would rest.

*The Executioner with one more leads him up to the Rocke, where he begins to binde his hands, first asking him forgiveneſse.*

*Execut.* Madam, forgive me your death.
*Lucil.* Which here I doe

As freely as I wish my weari'd Ghost
May finde a feareleſſe paſſage through the ſtrange
And uncouth ſhades that leades our ſoules to Reſt

*Enter the Lady* Iulia *running with her haire diſhevell'd.*

*Iulia.* Where ſhall I runne to meet, that, which beheld
Kils with a deadlyer wound then doe the eyes
Or coldeſt poyſon of a Baſiliske.

*She ſees them on the Rock.*

*Althea* ſtay---and let thy wretched Parent
Take the laſt farewell of her dying childe.

*She runnes up to them.*

Ah why did Nature make my unhappy wombe
Fruitfull by thee, and yet reſerve mine age
To out-live the extremities of griefe, and ſee
Thy diſmall end by an untimely death?
Was I reſerv'd for this? Or were the crimes
Of our black guilt ſo horrid in the eyes
Of Heaven, that nothing but the fatall ſcourge
Of ſevere juſtice in the woefull'ſt forme
Could expiate our ſinne? How were I bleſt
If the firſt inſtant that imparted life
To thy ſcarce featur'd ſelfe (joy to my wombe)
Had beene the laſt in which we both had breath'd!

*Lucil.* Madam! doe not afflict your ſelfe, nor let your cares
Live from our death; *Althea* cannot dye,
But with her innocence does buy a life
That ſhall extend her worth beyond the reach
Of Time and Envy. Therefore as you reſpect
Your daughters peacefull happineſſe, take truce
With ſorrow but till we be dead, and Heaven
That ſtill protects the innocent, will ſhow
How juſt it is in plaguing thoſe that ſtrive
By treacherous plots to oppreſſe innocent lives.

*Iulia.* Canſt thou perſwade the Ocean in a ſtorme
To leave her ſwelling? Or a Bullet ſhot
To ſtop its paſſage? No *Althea*! no!
The lighteſt Arrow is not more powerfull ſent

Vnto his Mark than we are throwne to death.
Therefore farewell, Ile haste to meet thee there,
Where no injustice nor oppressing tyrannie
Shall sever our embraces; and let this kisse
Seale up that vow upon thy dying lips---

*She offers to kisse* Lucilio, *and putting by his Scarfe he is knowne.*

What's here? has sorrow so transform'd thy shape?
Or dull'd the wonted vigour of my sight,
That it sees nothing right proportioned?
*Lucil.* Madam conceale me for *Althea's* love,
Who lives, but banish'd onely for a while;
And let me die that she may freely live;
*Iulia.* My Lord *Lucilio*, doe you mocke my woes?
O where's *Althea*? have you murder'd her?
And come to upbraid the miseries we feele?
Is't not enough that I must lose that stay
On which my aged widdowhood rely'd;
But you must jest at anguish? Is not our blood
Enough to satisfie the thirst of Treason,
But you must swallow more? Ile not conceale
Your murdering plotts, but lay these Actions ope
To the wide worlds eyes; and leave the rest,
In hope that Heaven, who doth your treacheries view,
As you have dealt, so they may deale with you.

*Shee throwes off his Scarfe.*

*Exit* Iulia.

Lucilio *offers to throw himselfe off the Rocke.*

*Serv.* What meanes my Lord? *Lucil.* To dye as I am doom'd,
Therefore let me goe. *Serv. Antonio*, lend your help
To save the Prince, whom you have brought to death.
*Anto.* My heart! force him to live, or by the Seat
Of Iustice, you shall die as many deaths
As you have Arteries.
*Lucil.* Then we must live to see those griefes alive
Which death would end, and life will but revive.
*Anto.* Poste to the *Duke* before, and let him know

The

The ſtrangeneſſe of the accident.

*Exit Servant, Frailware and Page.*

*Lucil. Antonio*: know that I ever held thy faith till now
True to thy friend, and thought thou wouldſt aſſiſt
His miſerie, which thou hadſt richly done
If I had dyed.

*Anto.* O honour'd Lord, be theſe
Your harmeleſſe attempts that you conceal'd
With ſuch a nice reſerv'dneſſe from your friend?
Come good my Lord, let us repaire to Court
That now ſtands wondring at this ſtrange report.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Page and Frailware.*

*Page.* My Head's in labour with a jeſt Maſter Conſtable, and I have a warrant to your authoritie to ſee me well deliver'd on't.

*Frail.* I can drinke Sack, and talke bawdy for a need, if it come within the compaſſe of my Office.

*Page.* Why there be two ingredients then to the compoſition of a Midwife, and if you'll be rul'd in the Action, wee ſhall laugh and lie downe, and have an excellent banquet at the delivery.

*Frail.* Gi'me thy warrant then, and Ile ſerve it as greedily as a beggarly Vnderſherife does an Action of ſlander: But what is't? what is't boy?

*Page.* Faith ſir, the common danger that haunts men of your place, fils Theaters, and gives many of your Landleſſe Gallants their gilt Spurres, and their feathers.

*Frail.* Vnſhale it, unſhale it,

*Page.* Why Sir, in ſober City Italian, that man of little wit, leſſe learning, and no honeſty M. *Damaſippus* the Stoick meanes this Evening with pure moralitie to —

*Frail.* What ſir?

*Page.* Cuckold you ſir.

*Frail* Body o'mee! that embleme of hypocriſie; hee lookes as cold and mortifi'd as a Capon of a weekes killing.

*Page.* Hang him Lobſter, hee's as hot as a Cockſparrow, and as irreligious as as a Low-Countrey Lombard: Hee's good for nothing but that which men keepe old Stallions for: he would have done rarely well after *Deucalions* flood, or five hundred of 'hem

now

now for the new plantation——But i'faith I would bee reveng'd on him.

*Frail.* Reveng'd? I'll give up my shop to be reveng'd on him, turne Sumner to plague him with Citations——

*Page.* And then out-bribe him, that hee shall finde no mercy i'th Bumme-Court.

*Frail.* Or else I will be sterne in my authoritie, set him in the Stocks, and set the Stocks at mine owne doore—

*Page.* Or else I would hire some Iew to make him factious; And then get him banish'd to *Amsterdam* to saw Brazill.

*Frail.* Or hire a Witch to take away his Instrument of lust, and then he'll hang himselfe in his owne girdle.

*Page.* Or get some body to promise him some Bookes and a new Gowne to deny the plurality of the gods, then informe against him, and goe drunke to see him burnt.

*Frail.* Else Ile get him Carted, and lye with his wife the while.

*Page.* I, and send him word of it when he is i'th Cart.

*Frail.* Some dreadfull vengeance or other my offended Authority shall take on him. I protest I never mistrusted it.

*Page.* Alas no; I knew you were a true Cuckold innocent.

*Frail.* A Cuckold innocent: what's that?

*Page.* One of the eight Tribes into which your liverie is divided——Nay, nay, nay sober Master Constable, be not dejected; let not your head sinke before it has ful lading: for look you, I'll shew you the dignitie of your estate: your Cuckoldhood sir is more worshipfull than the best of all the foure and twenty Companies; Because in some ages you have had some of the best of all those Companies Fellowes of the Liverie. Secondly, you have had all states and rankes belonging to it. *Sylla*, *Domitian* and *Claudius*, great Emperours of the world, never car'd to be free of the Goldsmiths or Merchant-Taylors Hall, yet they were huge Cuckolds. Thirdly, you have your wit in chusing approv'd, which must of necessitie show you to have beene wise men, and therefore most commonly you are in Offices. Fourthly you have sometimes better men to be your followers than your selfe, for they be glad to follow and come after, where you have beene before. Fiftly, you have others to worke for the propagation of your name, while you be idle, and reape the fruits of their labours. And lastly, it

makes your way to heaven Maſter Conſtable, infallible, for if you die quickly, you die an innocent—But let me be your Pilot, and if I doe not learne you a courſe to pay this Puſſin, this aſſ *Priapus*, this Goate rampant in's owne kinde, let my wit bee for ever crack't.

*Frail.* If thou couldſt doe it in ſome bitter manner.

*Page.* Truſt me not elſe—for looke you Sir, if it were a Courtier of a good perfume, and rich Garter; or a Gallant of the new faſhion, with freſh inſides; nay, an 'twere a barren Alderman that would viſit his Wench ſecretly, and were in the way to authority, why, 'twere ſomething tolerable. But to be horn'd by a Sir, that's no Knight, one that will lie as faſt as an Alminack-maker, a thred-bare-grogran-worſted-lack-Latin! 'tis inſufferable.

*Frail.* O 'tis, I know 'tis.

*Page.* Your onely revenging remedie, then, is prevention in the ſame kinde, which you ſhall moſt dexterouſly atchieve *me duce, id eſt, ſi ego dux fuero*, little Maſter Conſtable.

*Frai.* How ſweet boy, how?

*Page.* Doe you but invite Miſtris *Abigail* to Supper this evening, who knowes nothing of her husbands being there, and leave the reſt to my providence.

*Frail.* Ile doe it Boy i'faith, I will, I will indeed Boy.

*Page.* About it then, Ile meet you at your comming backe and give directions for the reſt. *Exeunt*

*Enter the* Ducheſſe *diſguiſed, and* Mycale *a Witch.*

*Mical.* Your Grace hath beene exceeding patient
To undergoe theſe paines, and come to us.

*Duch.* Good *Micale* I was unfortunate
I had not knowne thy skill and us'd it ſooner;
For ſince Heavens power denies me juſt revenge
And meanes to worke my will, Ile ſearch the depth
Of hels dark'ſt Angels, but I will diſſolve
That firme link'd band of love: and to that end
Shrowded in this diſguiſe I came to thee
That thou maiſt let ſome nimble ſpirit ſlip
From out the powerfull Circle after her;
And with thy ſpels purſue her unto death.

*Mical.* Madam, It ſhall be ſpeedily perform'd.

Pleaſe

Please you a while retire into this roome
And waite the ceremonious house, while wee
Prepare us for the sacrifice, and provide
Those powerfull ingredients which we use
In the confection of our charmes,
*Duch.* I will. *Exit Dutchesse.*

*Song.*

Mic. Sarvia! Sar. *Mother!* Mic. *Take thy flight*
*While the Moone affords thee light,*
*While the Dog-Starre shines downright*
*On the powerfull Aconite,*
*And the Hearbes appeare in sight.*

Sar. *Away and wash your body white*
*In the spring, and cleanse you quite,*
*For Ile soone the Shepheard fright,*
*And bring home to mend the night*
*A female Lamb as black as night.*

Mic. *Haste then, quicke returne thee home.*
*Doe not tho forget the stone*
*In the Toade, nor Serpents bone,*
*Nor the Mandrake though he groane,*
*Pull him up, he is our owne.*

Sar. *Ile steale besides (let me alone)*
*The great blacke Cat from jumping Jone,*
*And make the Nurse and Mother moane*
*When their fatlings throat is sowne:*
Mic. *Haste then, quicke returne thee home.*

*Enter* Lucilio *and* Antonio.

*Lucil.* Where be we now *Antonio*! is not this life
On the farre side of death, and sinkes beyond
A *non existens*? Hadst thou not made thy friend
Blest in thy faith, if thou hadst yeelded way
To my desires, and I had cleerly leapt
From the maine top of mischiefe, and falne short
Of these calamities? Oh the grosse oversight
Of our mistaking nature, that is so base
To buy a draught of ayre with seas of ills!
Or thinke we benefit a friend, when wee
Doe turne his houre-glasse to make life runne;
Though every minute hailes downe mis-fortune thick
As it doth Sand into the empty receptacle.

*Anto.* Nay, give me leave to tell your Grace my Lord,
This strong desire of death, that hath possest
Your will thus farre, does not expresse the signes
Of that true valour your spirit seemes to beare;
For 'tis not courage, when the darts of chance
Are throwne against our State, to turne our backs,
And basely runne to death; as if the hand
Of Heaven and Nature had lent nothing else
To oppose against mishap, but losse of life,
Which is to flie and not to conquer it.
For know it were true valours part, my Lord,
That when the hand of chance had crush'd our States,
Ruin'd all that our fairest hopes had built,
And thrown't in heaps of desolation;
Then by those ruines for our thoughts to climbe
Vp, till they dar'd blinde fortune to the face,
And urg'd her anger to increase those heaps,
That we might rise with them, and make her know
Wee were above, and all her power below.
Why this my Lord would prove us men indeed.
But when affliction thunders o'r our Roofe,
To hide our heads, and runne into our graves
Shewes us no men, but makes us fortunes slaves.

*Lucil. Antonio*, thou wouldſt turne Philoſopher
To doe thy friend a kindneſſe; but 'tis not wordes
Our buſineſſe askes, we muſt have action now.
Thou ſeeſt my fathers anger for this freeing
*Althea* from her death, ſwels like a tide
Halfe flowne, that labours 'gainſt an adverſe winde,
And does command us leave the Court awhile,
And paſſe for Greece (as if our travaile could
Be Bawd unto the chaſtity of faith
That's vow'd to vertue) when my long weary'd minde,
Already's toyling in a pilgrimage
Vp to the ſhrine of Natures rich perfections:
Therefore *Antonio* thou muſt take the ſhape
Of all (ſave miſery) that I containe:
And for I know my fathers jealouſie
Will entertaine all rumours that are left
Where ere my name paſſe; thou muſt bee *Lucilio*:
And ſo my name travaile alone with thee
It will ſuffice; for fame doth ſometimes gull
The beſt intelligence. Then ſhape thy courſe
Fartheſt from *Athens*, to thoſe parts of Greece
Where I am leaſt knowne.

*Anton.* Pardon me my Lord
If I conſent not: for ſhould your ſafety call
To leap the Tyrrhene Cliffs into the maine,
Stand in the face of a fir'd Canon,
Or hale a ſleeping Lyon from the way
Where you muſt paſſe, my love would force me runne
Againſt the edge of danger for your life.
But this is onely a pretended ſhew
To win our abſence, that none may interrupt
Your torrent of impatience, that poſts
Like melted Snow from off the *Apenine*
Downe to deſtruction.

*Luci.* Thou art curious ſtill
With our intentions, and miſtak'ſt me much.
Beleev't *Antonio* if I might have dyed
When the vaſt flood of ſpleene was at the full,
And thought to overflow whole worlds of love:

When Envy stood a tip-toe to catch hold,
And pull downe innocence to trample on't,
And sweet Revenge was at her qu to speake
From my bruis'd bones; then death had been a heaven:
But now my head's turn'd brasse, & speakes times past,
And harden'd is against the worst of ils,
Though every frowne my angry mother gives
Should come like hammers 'gainst my forehead,
*Anton.* May I beleev't my Lord,
*Lucil.* By Heaven I will,
And so resolve: yet for thy farther trust,
I will bee open to thee; my meaning is
To put off name and habit for a while,
Till I have found *Althea*, and knit that knot
Which hell it selfe shall never violate;
And therefore carry rumour full with thee,
That it may have no leasure to descry
What I embrace. Farewell *Antonio*!
And prethee let this evening bee the last
Of thy delay: Heaven will be my friend,
And send content, or give my woes an end.

*Exit Lucilio.*

*Anton.* Soft, Ile not leave you to goe seek that end: your name shall travaile, but Ile not carry it. Though you have vow'd not to procure your death; you are in love——*manet.*

*Enter Alastor and Assassino quarrelling.*

*Alast.* D'sfoote Sir, your speeches be peremptory.

*Assas.* Why Sir, I said it, and I say it agen, that the Dukes Sonne was a foole, and a mad-man, to venture his life for ere a womans love in *Italy*.

*Alast.* I yeeld Sir, 'twas a madpart to venture a painful death for a woman, when a woman will venture nothing, but she'll have pleasure at one end of it, for the life of a man; yet the Dukes Sonne was not a madman for it.

*Assas.* I say he was.

*Alast.* I say you lie ——*Assassino gives him a blow;* D'foote Sir, you will not strike me?

*Assas.*

*Assas.* Yes, and whip thee with Birch i'the Nose.
*Exit stalking.*

*Anton.* Bravely perform'd *Alastor*, 'tis politiquely done, bee noble and doe not strike.

*Alast.* Why sir, this is not mine owne sword.

*Anton.* And therefore thou hadst no authority to use it: Come I have other businesse for thee, that shall gaine thee gold.

*Alast.* I thanke you sir, for indeed I had a suit to you before.

*Anton.* It is the better trade of the two by halfe: I know thou canst begg valiantly: but to the businesse. Thou knowst my Lord *Lucilio* goes away in disgrace 'twixt banishment and travaile: he is not well, and therefore would stay behinde a while unknowne: onely thou must goe before and put on his name, that the world may take notice of his passage, and hold rumour busie, till hee comes privately and overtakes thee——But come to my lodging, where Ile dispose of farther particulars, and furnish thee with apparell and crownes for thy journey.
*exeunt.*

*Alast.* I attend you sir.

*A Table set forth covered with a cloth.*

*Enter Mistris Frailware.*

*Mistris Frail.* Why *Debora* I say! why *Debora.*
*within.*

*Debor.* Anon forsouth.

*Mistris Frail.* Come bring away the Napkins quickly, and make ready here, (these heavy Ars'd wenches are so slow) and doe you heare, bid one of the Boyes fetch me a Pinte of Oligant, Buls Blood, and a quart of Canary; and look that the white Broth with Eringoes and Marrow be not over-boyl'd; I know M. *Damasippus* loves it well.

*Enter Damasippus.*

*Damas.* Joy and peace of minde be to my deare Pupill, let mee give thee a morall kisse.

*Mistris Frai.* In pure moralitie M. *Damasippus*, you are most heartily welcome—— Would this wench would come away that wee had Supper once.

*Damas.* That word hath etern'd thee my sweet *Ambrosia*, and

and thy name is written in *Elizium* among *Ioves* paramours: Wherefore let the beloved of *Iove* feast and banquet according to moralitie.

*Enter Debora with Supper.*

*Mistris Frail.* You are so full of learned sayings still: I have studyed too a great while, would I could reade once.

*Dam.* Soule of the world! thou shalt bee illuminated without reading, for I will infuse knowledge into thee, and thou shalt bee repleate.

*Mistris Fra.* Can you doe so M. *Damasippus*?

*Dam.* I can my *Summum bonum*: and thou shalt have the Mandragoras for thy fecundity; and I will free thee from the vicious note of sterility.

*Mistris Fra.* O the blessings of these Philosophers! Come sweet M. *Damasippus*, sit, and lets sup quickly.

*Dam.* Content.

*Enter Debora running.*

*Debor.* O Mistris! my Master and Mistris *Abigail* are comming up the street together.

*Dam.* Thunder from heaven confound 'hem, and the fire of Ætna consume their steps.

*Mistris Fra.* Charitable M. *Damasippus*, get in here till I can shift 'hem----so, 'tis well, *She hides him.*

*Enter Master Frailware and Mistris Abigail.*

*Master Fra.* Good Mistris *Abigail*, I was sure before hee was not here. How now wife! at high Supper! and Wine! and Iunkets! and knacks! and all alone! this feast would have beseem'd thy friends and Neighbours, the worshipfull of the Parish, our fellow Magistrates: but I thanke thee for't, I have a stomacke now as sharp---as if I would eate for anger. I would not for a pound I were to beguile any one of his Supper to night. Come sit Mistris *Abigail*.

*Abig.* Mistris *Frailware* will you sit by your husband?

*Mistris Fra.* No forsooth, my stomack does so wamble: when Supper was dressing methought I could eate such a deale;

and

and now the sight of—the meat does so fill mee: I pray Husband bring Mistris *Abigal* into my Chamber, I think I shall be very ill.

*Master Frail.* By and by duck, we follow thee—so, sit as close to mee now as mine Office, and here's a health in Canary to the formall Cuckold thy Husband.

*Abi.* Fy M. *Frailware* that you'll have such a fearfull word in your mouth.

*Master Frail.* Hang him, hee's a Goate, and thou hast, and shalt make him deserve it.

*Abigail.* I must confesse hee has a stinking breathe indeed; & that I have traversd the paths of goodfellowship for your sake.

*Master Fra.* I, and wilt doe still, though thy Husband heard thee say so.

*Abig.* I and will doe it though my husband heard mee.

*M. Fra.* Why now thou speak'st like a sister of the Lecture, and according to moralitiy.

*Abig.* Nay I have been forward enough to you M. *Frailware*, ever since my first mariage: for in good earnest I did marry M. *Damasippus*, only beeause I saw the Philosophers wives goe with the first of the Parish, and so forth—but my heart—

M. *Fra.* Let the City have it wench, and let my fine pure formall peece of Stoicity weare out six grogran Elbowes with pleading moralities, and counterfeit railing against the sinnes of the flesh; spend all hee can flatter from women to play the Epicure; and then make ragged Lectures and exercises in Cellars and Gravell Pits for a collection of seven pence, ere thou giv'st him so much as a good wish.

*Abig.* Nay so hee shall; for truely he is growne a very *Pharao*, a hard-hearted Mirmidon to me of late.

M. *Fra.* A *ficus* for him whorson Crab; hee playes the Goate rampant abroad I heare.

*Ab.* It eene makes me many times wish him in his grave, that he might sleepe and I were free.

M. *Fra.* Thou art free now my sweet *Ab*: come, gi'me a threave of kisses—who would live tyed to such a Bull of *Bason*.

*Enter Page disguised like a Fidler.*

*Page.* Will please you have any Musick?

M. *Fra.* Musick! most opportunely welcome; wee'll make a night on't now: strike up *Tigellius*.

*Abig.* Away with him prophane Tavern-Leech.

*Master Fra.* Nay prethee Mistris *Abigail* have patience.

*Abig.* I will not heare it.

*Master Fra.* By this kisse you must---play on sirrha Musick is a noble Science.

*Ab.* Well this fit would cost me an exercise if my Husband knew it: but I can endure any thing for your sake sweet M. *Fraiware.*

*Master Fra.* Godamercy---

*Damasippus moves under him.*

What an earthquake! more Devils i' the Vault? are you fir'd, and will blow us up? who have we here?

*Page.* The very'st Cuckold of a dozen.

*Master Fra,* Neighbour *Damasippus!* now by my authoritie welcome into the Livery: wee'll have a company shortly.

*Abig.* O, my husband! I will goe to an exercise presently, that the gods may appease your wrath. *exit.*

*Master Fra.* I see our wives will bring us to all the venerable degrees of the City, before they have done.

*Dam. Fraiware,* I will curse thee from the Temple of *Diana,* and thou shalt be excarnify'd by doggs.

*Master Fra.* We are *Actæons* both: let us knock heads.

*Page.* Step before him and shut the doore, I have a plot against his Beard. *ha ha ha*——— *exeunt.*

*Enter* Duchesse *and* Micale.

*Duch.* Now tell us *Micale*
What Sacrifice was that held you so long,
And would not admit our presence?

*Mic.* Madam, I must disclose more than the secresie
Of our rul'd Discipline will well permit,
If I reveale each Act particular,
And forme that that dread Sacrifice includes.
But what I may without the prejudice
Of our strict and inviolable Canons,
Your Grace shall know, Iust at the depth of night,
(Which time is Ceremonious) I went downe
To a cleare Fountaine, where I bath'd and cleans'd me
From head to foote: Then tooke a female Lamb

Black

Black as the night, and digging first a hole
That might receive the sacrificed blood,
I open'd all the Veins that traversed
The neck, untill I left the carkasse dry:
Then with a hallow'd Knife I separate
The head, and splatted it. That done, I heape
A pile of consecrated fire, whereon
Now burnes the body of the Holocaust.
Then tooke I Infanes fat, and lake-warme blood
Drawne from it's throate, mingl'd with Viper Wine,
And distill'd Hemlock, with the Mandrakes roote,
Night-shade, Moonwort, and dreadfull *Aconite*,
Which to the flame I powr'd with Milke and Honey,
A holy banquet to great *Hecate*
Whom we invoke; and leave the sacred fire.
Soone as our backs are turn'd, we heare a noyse
In hideous shapes, that would affright and shake
The constant'st force of Natures best Male courage:
Yet must we not looke back whence they proceed,
For then all's frustrate; but as the fire consumes
The offerings impos'd, the groanings cease,
And then appeare the Spirits which wee implore,
And which will ne'r appeare unlesse first pleas'd
With some oblation.

*Duch.* How doe you paint the formes which they assume?

*Mic.* Each hath his private Charme, peculiar for the shape which pleaseth most, and is least fearfull.

*Enter* Sarvia *with a Looking-glasse.*

*Sar.* Mother the noyse is done,
The flames grow pale and dimme, and in dark showes
Speake the approaching horrour which they feele.

*Mic.* Be gone and leave us then——Now Madam sit,
*Takes the glasse.*
And in this glasse behold what Magick feature
There riseth from the earth to doe you service.
*Shee sets the Duchesse so that the Spirit may rise behind them both looking in the glasse together.*

*The first Spirit riseth from under the Stage, (so of the rest) and softly passing along, goes out.*

*Duch.* What Spirit is this?

*Mic.* This is a common spirit of much practise; it goes in the forme of a young Gentlewoman worne out of service, and keepes her residence in the Suburbs, till she has ingross'd all the diseases of the City, which she delivers by whole sale to her customers: From sixteene to foure and twenty; shee is for none but Bever Hats, Gold Lace, and Taffety Linings: Before thirty she fals to Roaring Boyes, Sharks, Servingmen and Artificers: from thence to Porters and Skavingers; till freed by all degrees, she becomes a Nurse of the Trade by five and forty; then many times a sixpenny Witch, and so back againe to an everlasting Devill.

*The second Spirit riseth.*

*Duch.* What is this?

*Mic.* This is a Spirit Madam that takes many times the habit of an old Gentlewoman, gets into Ladies familiarities, & teaches the tempers of Complexion, the composition of meats that strengthen and provoke luxury: the use of *quelque choses* and *Dildoes*: has *Aretine* at her fingers ends. 'Twas she that first invented double Locks, and a sute of Keyes to every Office: Shee exalted the horne of the Buttery, & made the Silver Bole neglect the company of the black lack: and preferr'd a Bill against eating Breakfasts and sitting up late, to the prejudice of Tallow-Chandlers. In fine, shee sets Families together by the eares, and flattering her selfe into great mens expenses, becomes the bane of Hospitalitie.

*Duch.* 'Tis a familiar Spirit, methinkes I could bee acquainted with her---But who is this?

*The third Spirit.*

*Mic.* O this is a Devill of many shapes, and indeed Madam seldome at leisure, that wee can have any use of him. He fawnes him into services of place, and perswades men, otherwise morally civil, from the chaste Sheets of their beautifull and vertuous mariages: becomes an Intelligencer, and panders them to Milk-maids, Kitchin-

chin-wenches, and Oyster-wives. Hee refuses no deed that heaven abhorres, and Hell trembles at, so his Lord sin with him. He is a very chain'd slave to his Masters vices, and leaves him in nothing but Actions of honour and vertue. An other time hee is a concealed Druggist or Apothecary, puts on the name of a great Traviller, poysons at an houre, and is in great request.

*Duch.* Speake to him good *Micale*, and let him know our businesse.

*Mic.* Stay then thou Spirit of night, and by the power
The chiefe commander of your shades hath lent,
I doe adjure thee tell where lives *Althea*?

*The Spirit whispers* Micale *behinde.*

He tels me Madam, in the Mountaines farre from hence.

*Duch.* But how shall we procure her death?

*He whispers* Micale *as before.*

*Mic.* By poyson! gi'mee something then that kils
Past Cure, and speedily——it is sufficient.

*Hee gives her a Viall and exit.*

I have a nimble Spirit at command
That by an oyntment which we doe apply
To parts of our mark'd bodies, is at hand,
Who posts us through the regions of the ayre,
When oft wee meet at solemne festivals,
Or doe admit a novice to the oath
Of our abstruse and powerfull discipline:
Leave it to us and ere to morrowes Sunne
Touch but three Points of West beyond Mid-noone,
My selfe will see *Althea* dead.

*Duch.* Thanks gentle *Micale*, for thou hast eas'd me much;
Ile not forget thy paines, nor leave thy skill
Without regard, for wee have much to know.

*Mic.* 'Tis a curious age Madam, and we are full
Of businesse now, so many come to know
Who shall survive, their Husbands or themselves;
And then how long; whom they shall marry next;

What place and oportunitie must meet
To raile their titles; with a million more
Of womens questions——But the day begins
To looke upon us.

*Duch.* I must hasten then
Least some mis-fortune doe discover me:
Farewell *Micale*, hell prosper our designe.

*Mic.* Feare it not Madam, I will not sleep nor eate,
Till by *Althea's* death I joyntly free
Your Sonne and House from *Cupids* Tyranny. *exeunt.*

---

## Actus 4. Scena 1.

*Enter* Althea *and* Camilla *disguis'd like Shepheardesses.*

*Althea.*

THe day growes hot, and with the climing Sunne
That mounts to th'height of noone, our cares doe flie
Drawne on by feare and griefe, to deep despaire.
Lets rest under this shade until the fudging Ray a little hath withdrawne it selfe.

*Cam.* And gladly too, for I am as weary of travell, as I am of a Shepheards life.

*Alth.* I *Camilla*, the desire of being publike is the disease of our Sex: we thinke the Countries free breathing spaciousnesse a prison, where the losse of libertie is the want of company. But if there were one of us, whose contents were not without her, she would shun that common concurse of eyes, as she does the opinion of deformity; and perceive that the best perfectiō had no greater enemy than publike aspects.

*Cam.* This is fore'd now, and savours not of your temper and womans seasoning, to hold Paradoxes against nature, and opinions opposite to our owne feelings. 'Sprecious Madam, if Nature fram'd us to please, how can we please where's none to be pleas'd but Beasts and Birds, whose apprehension was ne'r made capable of proportion, and therefore regard it not.

*Alth.*

*Althea.* And therefore condemne us of unnaturalnesse, that when beauty was equally shar'd 'twixt them and us, they respect it as it is; whil'st wee, blinded by reasonable sense, conceive it the richest gift Heaven could give, study it above the soule, and equall to life, tho it meerly touch our outsides, as clothes doe.

*Cam.* Nay deare Mistris, let's talke a little now like our selves like women; and tell mee whether an excellent Qualitie forc'd from operation, or a rare peece of worke held from sight, bee not a wrong to the Author, as well as the thing? O they were sowly deceiv'd that sought perfection in a Nunnery!

*Alth.* Thats the errour of our ambition, that while wee take our ayme at admiration, by publikenesse and common flattery, we misse that repute among the wisest, which our beauties not prostituted would infallibly merit; because every thing, though lesse perfect, yet lesse common, is more admired, as we see in the Sunne and a Comet.

*Cam.* You are Bookish still: and Ile stand to it yet, there's no woman but loves them both: and therefore being naturall to our Sex, why should it bee tearmed unnaturalnesse in us, to cherish beautie, or wish the perfection of civill mens amiable societie, when that ever begets love, and love is ever secoded with flattery. I like a Wench that's pure mettall, and spirit, and the very soule of her kinde; that when a Lord wantons her, will forsake her home, give off her father and competent meanes to the poore of the Parish; stick to the City, like a Prodigall to the Counter, that cannot be drawne out by all the friends, he has: lives clearely by her wits, yet reasonable honest too and all to be flatter'd.

*Alth.* Such *Camilla* be the disgrace of their Sex: whose appetites change with varietie; and taint the generall name of women with the vicious note of inconstancy.

*Camill.* That's the folly of men, to terme inconstancie vicious in us, for were they not so prone to wrong us, they would ne'r expect it, but know that to bee too constant to them, were to bee too disloyall to our selves, which I hope ne'r came nigh a womans wit.

*Alth.* Yet it is the perfection of vertue to lose by the exercise.

*Cam.* By the pleasures of change, I sweare this constancy is a mortall sinne, and not a vertue in any of us.

*Alth.* A sinne! and mortall!

*Cam.*

*Cam.* A ſinn,and moſt mortall, becauſe moſt againſt nature,and brings many of us to lead Apes in Hell. To loſe the ſweets of youth, the very *Nectar* of Nature, and fruſtrate the end of our Creation; can this be leſſe than a mortall ſinne?

*Alth.* 'Tis a worke of merit, and they be Saints worthy to have their names written upon the Altar of Chaſtity. 'Tis belov'd of Heaven,and ſometimes fortunately rewarded here.

*Cam.* As for example---

*Alth.* My ſelfe you meane.

*Camill.* I am no Divine, ſpight of the time I muſt ſpeake my thoughts.

*Alth.* Why then 'tis I,

*Althea.* Why then 'tis you: would any woman breathing,that had her 5 ſenſes, and no red head, no blew lips nor raw Noſe,no deſperate fortunes,nor crackt reputatiõ,but walk'd upright in the face of the world,and in the Aprill of her age,ſo devote her ſelfe to one,that ſhe muſt undergoe theſe miſeries,when by renouncing him, ſhee may underlie ſo many commodities? To turne Savage here,and hold conference with none but hils and ſheepe, when ſhe might have variety of faſhions, wits, and breathes to Court her at home. I proteſt I would love over a whole Play-houſe of Gallants firſt.

*Alth,* I could be angry with thee *Camilla,* for Ile firſt be treacherous to my owne ſoule, ere buy content or kingdomes with perfidiouſneſſe.

*Cam.* God reward you, for man will never.

*Alth.* Vertue is rich,and rewards it ſelfe: and if my wrongs merit *Lucilies* ſafetie, Heaven redouble 'hem.

*Enter* Micale *like a Shepherdeſſe with a Bottle and a Bagg.*

*Mic.* Now *Micale* thou haſt the ſight of them,
And art already 'ſpy'd; caſt out the baite.

*Alth.* What is ſhee? Sure ſome voluntary occaſion has driven her this way.

*Cam.* 'Tis ſome Camelion perhaps,that lives upon the breath of newes,and comes to intelligence us here.

*Mic.* What, no ſalute! methinkes the furious heate
Should make 'hem ſoone inquiſitive to know
What I came laden with into theſe Mountaines,

Which

Which yeeld no other juice but Christall Springs:
I have a Liquor here to queneh their thirst,
Physick to purge them from their loving humours.
And that aspiring minde that does invest
*Altheas* hopes within a Ducheſſe ſtile.

*She ſits downe and plucks out her Viands.*

*Cam.* Faith Miſtris my ſtomack takes this for an invitation, I have a great appetite to be acquainted with the honeſt Shepherdeſſe, for I am dry at heart, though my teeth water.

*Alth.* Yet be not impudent, invite not thy ſelfe.

*Cam.* Why no, I ſhall doe as cuſtome and faſhion forces us in wooing, forbeare and be coy, look to be invited and pray'd, when we be ready to ſtarve: Ile to her & dine, that's paſt reſolving—— Come will you goe?

*Alth.* Not I.

*Cam.* Your reaſon?

*Alth.* Becauſe I have none to goe.

*Cam.* Nor I to ſtay——Shepherdeſſe proface: I thinke your feaſt be neither glutonous nor miſerable, that thus you make it in the ſight of heaven.

*Mic.* 'Tis the Countries priviledge faire Shepherdeſſe to ſhun both: will't pleaſe you ſit and eate?

*Cam.* Your kindneſſe makes mee preſume, yet I feare to be over bold.

*Mic.* Command and try, theſe Hill-Inhabitants diſſemble not.

*Cam.* I have a melancholy friend here by, whom diſcontent makes ſcarce ſociable: yet perhaps company & your Bottle would infuſe a little ſpirit, and make a Sunſhine on her thoughts.

*Mic.* You are too blame if you left her then, ſoleneſſe feeds melancholy: pleaſe you we goe and ſit with her?

*Cam.* That were to trouble your kindneſſe.

*Mic.* Nay you miſtake me then, methinks Shepheards ſhould not know theſe Court complements, more then that does the Countries honeſty.

*They riſe and goe to* Althea.

*Cam.* Come, rouze your ſelfe, and meet a banquet that comes freely to you.

*Alth.* I cannot eate. *Mic.* Why then you cannot live.

*Alth.* And therefore I cannot eate, because I cannot live.

*Mic.* Yet strengthen Nature, and out-live sorrow.

*Alth.* 'Twere *Tytius* plague, to renew strength for griefe to feed on.

*Mic.* And to let sorrow keepe you fasting were to starve with *Tantalus*.

*Alth.* A hard choise for me the while.

*Cam.* Vertuous constancy; thou art belov'd of Heaven, and fortunately rewarded. *Alth.* Peace good Eccho.

*Mic.* Come Nymph, you must bee joviall, these love griefes availe you nothing: men perhaps laugh at 'hem.

*Cam.* Why true: here's a health and wisedome to you.

*Alth.* Both to your selfe, I am not sick.

*Mic.* Pledge her faire Nymph.

*Cam.* See what a company of religious fooles wee maides bee, to sigh and hang the head for ere a rough-hewne-stubble cheeke on 'hem all, when a Crab-fac'd Cynick, that has neither land nor handsomnesse, will scoffe at affection, and say hee knowes foure Wenches, who if they were stampt and strain'd, so, that he might draw out the vertue of one, the beauty of another, the witty good nature of a third, and the Portion of a fourth; he could make a reasonable good Wife for ere a yonger brother in the land.

*Mic.* By Pan but such a wife would right well fit a Worshipfull Heire.

*Cam.* Nay that were pity faith, then fooles should trouble two houses. Come will you take your Liquor?

*Alth* good Spirit leave thy tempting: my heart growes cold and pants, as if it did presage some fatall ill stood nigh me.

*Mic.* These be the dreames of love: here take a draught, and waken imagination, fancy is strong with you.

*Alth.* I thinke so too; pray heaven it be no more.

*Mic.* Great *Brimo*, shall our labour be frustrate!
Ile frame a lye shall make her hang her selfe
For griefe, since poyson failes—yet taste a little,
The Citie yeelds no better Cordiall to banish feares.

*Alth.* I cannot drinke—were you in the City late?

*Mic.* I was, and saw a heavy spectacle,
The Dukes sole Heire, who taking the disguise

Of a condemned Lady, that stood tainted
Of Treason, was throwne downe from off the Rock,
And, by the priviledge of Law that gives
Our Virgins leave to pleade and dye conceal'd,
Vntill his Funerall, was still unknowne.
Since when, the Duke to satisfie the wrath
His ignorance had bred by such a losse
Vnto the State, has burnt the guiltlesse mother
Of that young Lady, persecutes her Kinne,
Raced their ancient House, and vowes the death
Of her, who yet is fled, and none knowes where.
*Alth.* Oh ——— *She sownes.*
*Mic.* Are you poyson'd with a lie? —What ailes you Lasse?
What fainting?
*Alth.* I am not well; good Shepheardesse
Leave us a while; I thanke thee for her meate,
But the Sawce comes worse than poyson to my breast.
*Mic.* Then fare you well: I am sorry to have bin the Messinger
of that afflicts you—and kils not presently, *aside.*
Although I hope this lie proves to thy heart,
Poyson more ranke then ere was us'd by Art.
*exit* Micale.
*Alth.* O we have liv'd too long *Camilla*, and
Out-slept the houre in which wee should have dyed,
Plagues, guilt and mischiefe have o'rtaken us,
Because we slack'd, and would not quit the world
To rest in pure white Tombs of innocence,
*Cam.* I feare some of us shall recompence our sloth too soone,
for I am wondrous ill.
*Alth.* Poore wench, these newes have wounded thee.
*Cam.* Not to dissemble, no: but from the Wine
I tasted of the Bottle, went a cold
Through every veine, that settling at my heart,
Shuts up the passages of life, and fils
The Organs of my powers with such a frost
As kils the spirits that should harbour it.
*Alth.* Does Hell conspire with envy then to persecute
Our misery? and sent some fiend to take
That shape, that ne'r till now did shrow'd so foule a sin.

*Cam.* My ſoule growes faint and weary of her houſe;
And Death claimes right in all my Vitall parts:
Help me *Althea*! help me Miſtris!
Or bury me at leaſt, and cloſe mine eyes,
Death is the beſt --- Camilla *dies.*
*Alth.* Of all lifes miſeries. *She rubs her to get life.*
Dead--- ſtarke dead----
It is not much I aske the Angry heavens,
Lend but my wits to die, I crave no more:
Or if you have a further puniſhment
Reſerv'd, be milde, and hurle it quickly on mee
With its full weight.--- Poore wench, I have no tooles
To breake the earth, nor meanes to burie thee:
Thou haſt not kill'd a Mother, nor a Prince,
Nor beene the ruine of thy Family;
Is't ſuch a guilt to beare me company,
That thou muſt dye, and want what Homicides,
And Malefactors finde? ----a grave! Here take
This Scarfe, *Lucilio* was wont to weare it;
Tell him thou haſt it for thy Shrowd, and I
Am gone to meet him, and have onely begg'd
A truce with fatall miſchiefe, whilſt I hie,
That where hee dyed, there I may likewiſe die.
Poore ſoule farewell. *exit.*

*Enter* Damon *and* Arminio *two Shepherds.* Laurinda *a Shepherdeſſe with greene Strewings.*

*Dam.* Come, hands to worke, it is the Feſtivall
Of our *Sylvanus*, we muſt round entrench
The place fitteſt for dancing,
*Laur.* And ſtrew the bankes
On which the Summer Lord and Lady ſit
To ſee the ſports, with theſe rich ſpoyls of *May.*
*Arm.* Our Shepherds will be frolicke then, and loſe
No Ceremony of their ancient mirth.
*Dam.* I like 'hem well: the curious preciſeneſſe
And all-pretended gravities of thoſe
That ſought theſe ancient harmleſſe ſports to baniſh,

Have thrust away much ancient honesty.

*Armin.* I doe beleeve you: 'tis the exercise
Of such, only to seeme and to be thought,
What they are not, holy. They keep the feast
Of our great Pan, with more than needfull strictnesse,
And take upon 'hem to bee great oath-haters,
When all is but dissembling, and their Devotions
Like Witches charmes, disguis'd with seeming good
To beare out wickednesse.

*Dam.* Then they have reason, for they that live by shewes must paint faire.

*Laur.* Alas, what's here? a Shepherdesse asleep!

*Dam.* Sweet benefit of our life, to whom a Turfe gives a more secure sleep, than a Palace doth a Monarch.

*Laur.* But this is death, not sleep.

*Arm.* Why then shee's absolutely blest: Nature has given her an acquitance from the reckonings of fortune and miserie.

*Laur.* We must in charity bury her.

*Dam.* To your Tooles then, we can doe no lesse: though it bee scarce in fashion now to be charitable. *They digg the Grave.*

*Laur.* Fashion is a Traviller, and Shepheards cannot follow it.

*Arm.* I *Laurinda*, it travels into all Nations the world o'r.

*Laur.* And therefore should goe round.

*Dam.* And therefore does goe round, blindfold, like a Mill-Horse, who thinkes he goes forward, yet keeps his course circular. But now *Laurinda* what further Ceremony can you devise for this Funerall? poore hapless Coarse!

*Laur.* To mourne for we know not whom, and when peradventure death was the beginning of her happinesse, were to abuse our selves, and be sorry she could be no longer miserable.

*Shee strewes on her.*

Ile strow my flowers on her Virgin Hearse,
And rob another Meddow for the sports,
The place affords no other Ceremony.

*Arm.* Yes, wee must have a Countrey Song for her farewell from the earth, and welcome to the earth.

*Laur.* Ile doe my best, though it bee unseasonable to sing at burials.

*Dam.* Poore Wench, even in the flower of her age! although I knew thee not, yet for thy memory Ile change with thee----

*He takes the Scarfe from her face, and covers it with a cloth.*

Your hand *Arminio.*

*They take her up and bury her.*

SONG.

Laur. *Die, die, ah die!*
*Wee all must die:*
*'Tis Fates decree,*
*Then aske not why.*
*When we were fram'd the Fates consultedly*
*Did make this law, That all things borne should die.*
*Yet Nature strove*
*And did denie*
*We should be slaves*
*To Destinie:*
*At which they heapt*
*Such miserie*
*That Natures selfe*
*Did wish to die:*
*And thankt their goodnesse that they would foresee*
*To end our cares with such a milde Decree.*
——— Farewell and sleep for ever.

---

*Enter* Antonio *disguised.*

*Ant.* 'Tis too late, I have miss'd him, and all my labour's lost. Speed you shepheards and your worke.

*Armin.* Sir, you are welcome, but our sad worke is sped already, and so are they for whom we worke.

*Ant.* Why is it sad then if both be sure of speeding?

*Arm.* Because Sir the best speed our labour can have, is the sad end of their life for whom we worke. We have buried the dead.

*Anton.* 'Tis well that Charity is not ruane the Country then. But whom have you buried?

*Armin.* One doubtlesse as unfortunate as unknowne, a stranger sure in these parts, and as shee seem'd, a maid: further particulars we know not: but pittying shee should want a buriall, as we came by and saw her dead, we gave her that which earth denies to no misfortune, a poore grave.

*Dam.* And tooke from off her face this Scarfe, bless'd with the last kisse her dying lips could give.

*Anton.* O my apprehensive soule!

*He catches the Scarfe.*

*Dam.* What meane you Sir? doe you know it?

*Anton.* I too too well. Poore Lord that wont'st to weare
this Relique, which is now left for an Index
To turne thee to thy woes. Good Shepheard
Grant me thus much and bestow it on me.

*Dam.* Faith Sir since I perceive you long for it, you shall prevaile: and if shee were of your acquaintance, keepe it as a monument of her untimely death. So fare you well Sir.

*Exeunt Shepheards.*

*Anton.* Too timelesse death that kill'd two hearts in one!
And now *Lusilio*, where ere thou liv'st,
Here we may joyntly finish both our labours,
Since here lies bury'd all thy hopes and feares.
Too vertuous maid *Althea*! could the earth
Yeeld thee no better place to enshrine thee in?
Yet can its baseneſſe never dimme thy name,
That shall be sung into posterity
By a whole race of Virgins, and thy Fame
Shall be a Tombe more durable to thee
Then Brasse or Marble. So farewell *Althea*!
Ile straight returne this newes to thy sad mother,
That shee may give with some solemnities
Thy unhappy death its latest *exequies*. *exit.*

*Enter*

*Enter* Lucilio *disguised like a Countrey man.*

*Lucil.* Slave to affliction, that must still pursue
The shadowes of my hopes, clasping the windes
To feed the hunger of my discontent,
And set aloft by greatnesse, stand expos'd
To every clap of Fortunes thundering,
Still banish'd from the sight of sweet content
That sits below me. Had my birth but bin
As free from height as from ambition:
I might have slept under a silent roofe,
And eate securely of a Countrey Feast,
Bound to no Ceremonious pathes of State,
Nor forc'd to torture mine affections,
Or chaine them till they sterve to some deform'd
Remedy of love, and change our lives content
For a bare title, that forsooth must come
To edge a line of words, and make our names swell
To fill th'ambitious thirst of greedy age——
How easily could I forget my selfe
By looking still upon thee, honest habit!
And could I finde her, whom the tyrannie
Of love hath made mee seeke, I would not tread
So many weary steps back for a Dukedome. *exit.*

*Enter* Page *disguised as before, and Master* Frailware.

*Page.* Now Master Constable, how like you this project? Doe I not draw all things to the life?

*Frail.* Excellent Boy! for a searching braine thou mightst have made a Head-borrough.

*Page.* What an ambidextrous shaver have I got to doe the feate?

*Fra,* Can he draw teeth I wonder?

*Page.* I, who doubts it? 'tis the semi-sphere of his Profession: why doe you aske?

*Frail.* becausse I would have this hatefull Stoiks two rowes of teeth drawne, for trespassing at my Table.

*Page.*

*Page.* You'll save nothing by that, for the want of teeth will make him come the oftner to your wifes White-broth, her Marrow, and Eringoes, who will likewise cram him up with Potatoes, Oysters, metamorphis'd Mushromes, and such like self-swallowing provocatives, that will runne down his throate as glibbie, as your pils of Butter, and make as much haste into his Belly, as they will make out againe into hers.

*Frail.* How thou doest charge my head with scruples!

*Page.* No; the way to destroy all fundamentall reference betweene him and your wife hereafter, and to spoyle him for ever giving fresh sappe unto your hornes, let his offensive member be now lopt off, before the Sunne enters the Ramme.

*Frail.* And what then Boy?

*Page.* Why when we have reduc'd him to this impotent state, we will straight divest him, and trusse him up naked in a Wheele-barrow, and send him home in the posture of an innocent, with his hands cleaving to the outsides of his knees, and his nose betweene his two Thumbes.

*Fra.* Content; and wee'll goe pawne his clothes the while, and be drunke with the money.

*Page.* Stay, this is a little two Tragicall, now I thinke on't: wee'll spare his wifes night-peece for her sake, till the next conjunction ——— *Damasippus cries out within.* Harke—our Checkerman has him by the Poll already: now Master Constable stand close to your revenge, dissemble a feare a while, wee shall be summon'd straight. *They step aside.*

*Enter one disguised like a Devill Barber pulling forth* Damasippus *by the Beard.*

*Bar.* Come out you unpoll'd Stoick, 'tis time you had the curtesie of my Razer.

*Dam.* Good sir, I need it not.

*Bar.* I'll force it on you sir: as I am *Pluto's* Barber in Ordinary I will trimme you, come, I long to doe it, therefore sit downe, and make your Beard ready for dissection—wee must have help I see; Constable come hither, come I say, and feare not, but doe your

Office, force him to sit, if your Authoritie bee strong enough: you trembling slave come helpe.

*Page.* I come, I come sir.

*Frail. Damasippus* I command you to sit in the devils name.

*They set him in a Chaire.*

*Bar.* So, hold him there. Now *Damasippus* before my mortall Razer seize your morall Beard, what can you say to save it?

*Dam.* Oh sir, it is an Ornament and speciall gravity belonging to our Sect.

*Barb.* Impossible that haire should argue wit; I rather thinke it does eclipse a good disputative face, and makes you look more like a Travelling Greeke, then an Italian Stoick.

*Dam.* Yet for Antiquitie-sake spare me these haires that never yet were cut.

*Barb.* How! *Nunquam tondenti Barba cadebat?*

*Damas.* Never since 'twas a Beard sir, it is yet tipt with the Downe, the reliques of my youth, and in a primitive state.

*Barb.* Why then sir the antiquitie of this your primitive Beard showes you to have beene a ranke enemy to our Profession.

*Dam.* Why sir, I kept it for that end that Nature gave it, as a garment to cloathe the face of age in winter.

*Bar.* Yet know *Damasippus*, tho it keep your face lukewarme, then; it breeds a frost in your Liver, devours the radicall humour of your body, and endangers you to a Consumption: But in Summer, especially the Dog-dayes, such a Dung-mix of haire, and vast foregrowne Beard as this, were enough to keepe your Chin sweating, nine dayes together, and turne every haire of these to Snakes.

*Page.* Most devillishly argu'd.

*Barb.* Now *Saturne*, *Vertumnus*, and the god of Sheep-sheare guide my hand——— *He cuts off his Beard.*

*Dam.* Oh, oh—— *Barb.* Hold, I have almost done.

*Page.* Shave him close. *Fra.* And wash him too in Lethe-water, that he may forget his way to my house.

*Barb.* So, let him rise.

*Frail.* Why this was quickly done.

*Page.* And valiantly suffer'd.

*Barb.* Now *Damasippus*, in hope that you'll hereafter bee a reform'd

reform'd man, Ile bee no more a Devill.

*Page.* Nor Fidler I.

*Fra.* Would I could cast my head too.

*Dam.* O you damn'd Villaines! have you betraid mee thus to shame and horrour!

*Bar.* Be not angry *Damasippus*: now the *Antependium* of your face is off, you have a more *Sibiline* aspect a great deale.

*Page.* True, hee lookes now just like a Goose return'd out of an inchaunted hole without her feathers.

*Dam.* Iust *Nemesis* inspire me with revenge
That these unlectur'd miscreants may drinke
Of the like Cup.

*Frailw.* Wee have already *Damasippus*, our wives have mingled it.

*Page.* And you have both tasted of the horne of abundance——

*Bar.* That your heads may be exalted like a brace of Bucks——

*Frail.* According to moralitie vertuous *Damasippus*.

*exeunt.*

*Enter Lady* Iulia *weeping, and* Assassino: *shee brings the Scarfe* Antonio *carried out.*

*Iul.* Thou art dearly welcome good *Assassino*:
Now cease to wonder why I sent for thee;
I had a daughter once, *Assassino*,
A comfort to mine age, life to my veines,
A living Image of her fathers vertues,
Faire, modest, and which is halfe monstrous
In these polluted times, inwardly chaste:
I doe remember such a one I had.

*Ass.* And have still Madam, for rumour sayes she lives.

*Iul.* No, no, poore Girle, rumour has oft bely'd her.
Seest thou this Scarfe?

*Assas.* I Madam, what of that?

*Iul.* And doe'st not see the letters writ in blood,
That tell me she is dead, murdred, and on
The Mountaines bury'd in obscure contempt?

*Assas.* Madam not I,

*Iul.* Why no, I thought as much.
But looke *Assassino*, if thou hadst felt

The gripes of woe that have through pierc'd my ſoule;
Seene an appalling ſight would make thee tremble,
Or through the ſpectacles of love didſt view
A loſſe as deare as heaven, thou wouldſt diſcerne
Theſe bloody Characters, and meet her pale Ghoſt
In every ſlumber, begging with ſilent ſhowes
And deep fetch'd groanes a mothers ſlow revenge.

*Aſſaſ.* Good Madam, I am ſorry for it———

*Iul.* Then to recount the wrongs, the infamy
Heapt on her youth, when by moſt trecherous plots
Shee was attaint of murder, and became
The marke for every vulgar tongue to ſpit
Slander and treaſon on her faire report;
And laſt her undeſerv'd impriſonment—

*Aſſaſ.* By heavens 'twas a foule abuſe; what wer't beſt to doe?

*Iul.* And now to force her flie her deareſt Countrey;
Friends, hopes, contents, twixt oppoſite love and hate,
To live in obſcure exile, poore, forlorne,
Suſpitious ſtill of death, and flying that,
To wade each houre deep into miſery,
To meet another death before her, and ſinke
Vnder the double hand of murder, not
Into a Tombe, but a poore Mountaine grave,
No rites nor obſequies at her interment,
Buried without a teare, unpitied, unreſpected.

*Aſſaſ.* 'Fore Heaven Madam I would revenge it.

*Iul.* My ſoule *Aſſaſſino* labours for revenge;
Yet I'm a woman, and can ſprinkle them
But with a few ſalt teares, and curſe, and pray,
Which is a weake foundation for my revenge:
To climbe and over-looke them.

*Aſſa.* You have friends: call in the enemie, & mutine.

*Iul.* That's full of hazzard, for a peace being ſworne,
The enterprize may make them happier,
Vs ſtill more miſerable: But if my griefe
Were arm'd with ſuch a hand, as would o'rturne
The frame of all thoſe hopes for which they ſweate,
And ſpurne that in the duſt, which they would raiſe
With hatefull deeds, up to the point of ſtate:

That I might see them grieve, and waile the losse
Which now afflicts my carefull widdowhood,
Know what it were to lose a childe, sole comfort
Of their declining yeares, and send their a-
Ged Coarses to the grave, hopelesse of issue.
*Assas.* To make away the Prince; 'tis that you meane,
*Iul.* Thou art within me already?
And mark *Assassino* how easie 'tis,
Since time, occasion, travaile, and his soleneſſe,
Thy selfe not knowne, gives advantagious meanes
To second thine attempt: doe but resolve
And Fate will straight resolve to second thee
In such a righteous and just revenge.
*Assas.* Madam the enterprise is dangerous,
And though I have a daring spirit that bids
Mee undertake the deep'st attempts of blood
For your revenge, and in so just a quarrell,
Yet must you thinke the danger I shall passe
Cannot but highly merit recompence.
*Iul.* Vow't; & propose the summe; my House, my Purse,
My Meanes, and whatsoe'r is mine is thine:
Be bold and faithfull, Ile ever hold thee deare,
Call thee our Houses Champion, and the hand
Of heaven's justice mark'd to punish sinne,
And plague the guilty thoughts of tyranny.
*Ass.* But Madam the report of his passage is so obscure,
That I can hardly learne which way hee tooke.
*Iul.* I have dogg'd the rumour of his journey, and can
Exactly informe thee, come take directions,
And gold to furnish thee.
*Assas.* Then I resolv't;
And he shall die.
*Iul.* Now thou dost powre fresh youth
Vpon my haires, newly reviv'st my soule,
Put'st spirits to my heart dry'd up with sighes,
And mak'st fresh blood traverse my empty veines,
For the sweet'st heaven the spleenes of women finde
Is full revenge to our aggrieved minde.
*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Alastor *solus, in rich apparell, disguised for the Prince.*

*Alast.* It's strange I heare not from the Prince, nor *Antonio*, who promis'd to meet mee here, where I have now stay'd three dayes in expectance, and had the winde bin faire, must have pass'd for Greece ——— 'Fore Heaven it's a gallant thing to be a Lord, if but in name, you shall be so applauded in every vanitie, scurrill jest, and impious action: A Satten *Thersites* that stalks among the Pesants like the Stork that *Jupiter* sent among the frogs, will so bend and bow to your little Toe, fawne and protest your excellencies; *Si bene ructavit—Si rectum mimxit* ——— I would I had the faith that some have, I would never be unlorded againe. 'Fore Heaven I must begin to fawne, and get my selfe created: This service done for the Prince is a good step to it.

*Enter a Captaine of a Ship.*

Now Captaine, the winde's unconstant still, every where save where to steed us.

*Cap.* Womanish my Lord, womanish.

*Alast.* Indeed their levity has gotten them now that *Simile* appropriated.

*Cap.* But they shew'd other Cards before they wonne it, too.

*Alast.* Nay, that's enough i'faith.

*Cap.* Yet they had more.

*Alast.* As what!

*Cap.* Why their tongues, which fill houses, as the bustling of Windes doe Climates: they overturne Families, and States, as winds doe Trees, Towres, Ships. And for your diversitie of winds you have your diversitie of women: for your whirlewindes that claspe and carry a thing in the ayre, till it fall dasht to peeces; you have of your Females that will claspe and beare you, till at your next fall you will thinke one peece will scarce hang by another. For your freezing windes, you have them that will breed such a frost in your bones, that change of weather will make 'hem as rotten as the ground after a sudden thaw: And for your blitring and burning windes, you have of them too, that will blast and scorch most

most ambidextrously. Onely the difference is, that there bee but sixteene points in the Card, where the winde can be unprofitable to a man: but a woman has for the most part, the whole compasse of her Card unprofitable, which containes two and thirty points at least.

*Alast.* Then the Grãmarians methinkes did ill to make *Ventus* of the Masculine Gender.

*Cap.* The Grãmarians my Lord were meere Schollers, & meere Schollers be meere fooles, and meere fooles are easily deceiv'd in matter of Gendring.

*Alast.* Impossible sir, they couple Genders by Booke.

*Capt.* Right my Lord: so they all study *Riders* Dictionary, and therefore become excellent Horsemen.

*Enter* Navarchus *a Master of a Ship.*

*Navar.* Newes from Court to your Grace; a stiffe robustious Letter-Carrier makes much inquiry where he may be delivered of some matters he has beene in travaile withall.

*Alast.* Cozenage and dissimulation help me, it's impossible to scape discovering. D'sfoote I must walke stately, looke scornfully, talke simply, and be Noble at all points now. But it fals out something fortunately to be in the Evening: let him have entrance.

*Enter* Assassino *disguised.*

*Assas.* Health to your Grace.

*Alast.* As much to them that bring it: how fare our friends at Court?

*Assa.* As wanting no part of welfare but your wish'd presence.

*Alast.* Have you ought to impart that concerns us?

*Assas.* I have my Lord, and must have private conference with your Grace.

*Alast.* Attend us then on the Litto, where Ile presently meete you, and take this soft Evening breath.

*Assas.* Heaven, Ayre, Place, Time, and all will fit thy death.

*Exit Assas.*

*Alast.* By *Iove* methinks I begin to be my Crafts-Master and Lord it handsomely. If it were as easie for a Villaine to be a Lord, as a Lord to be a villaine, I would write noble instantly: get mee a Herald for seven shillings, or a frowne to forsweare himselfe, and draw my Pedigree as deep as *Romulus*. Captaine, as the wind serves, either on the Litto, or at my Lodging. *exit.*

*Capt.*

*Capt.* Wee will attend your Grace.

*Nav.* 'Tis strange that such a personage should thus obscurely travell.

*Capt.* Tush *Navarchus*, our common-wealth is among fishes, and our pollicie with the windes, and therefore no marvell if Courtiers tricks savour not on our palats.

*Navar.* Yet fearing disgrace above damnation, and loving a popular esteeme more then heaven; methinkes obscuritie should fright 'hem.

*Capt.* Faith no; for you shall have a Courtier of the first Velvet head, when the tide runnes low, and in a place unknowne, will familiarly turne you to his old trade, accoutre his palfrey most neatly, and thanke obscurity for drowning the unfit honour hee had lately slipt on and off.

*Navar.* 'Tis a disease indeed they have, to feele no touch of future honour, nor taste any thing more than what lies before 'hem.

*Capt.* Tut, they be wise in that, for their conception being precipitate, and their births rash, they knew their glories birth would bee like the flies I have seene by a River in Ægypt, that begin to live in the morning, are at full age by noone, and die before Sunne set: and therefore their honour feeds like mothes upon apparell, and objects meerly present---flashes---flashes.

*Navar.* But such an imputation cannot staine his honor, whose graine taken in the die of a Dukes blood, stands immaculate spight of all fortunes.

*Capt.* 'Tis true, and therefore peradventure parsimony invites him to this obscuritie, for Ile assure you, that to be miserable, and not fight, are growne to be two right honourable qualities,---

*Enter a Shipman.*

*Shipm.* Captaine, you stand talking here of a Cock and a Bull, while our rich fare is gone another way.

*Capt.* Who? my Lord the Prince?

*Shipm.* I your Lord the Prince.

*Navar.* Which way, for profits sake?

*Shipm.* That way that many Lords doe for profits sake: downwards, downwards.

*Cap.* Prethee speake not in *enigmas*, be understood.

*Shipm.*

*Shipm.* In plaine Dagger termes the Prince is slaine.

*Navar.* D'foot 'tis sharp newes. *Cap.* By whom?

*Shipm.* Why, that swart Rutter that brought the message from Court, delivered it in such keene termes, that it went to his heart: & when he had done, tumbled him off the Litto into the water to catch Whitings. But two Merchants spying it, rais'd the people and tooke him, and now the Governour is gone a fishing after the Body.

*Cap.* This amazes mee, done so suddenly.

*Shipm.* Death's a quick Carver when he comes in that shape.

*Navar.* Who set him on sayes he?

*Shipm.* Some valiant Squire or other, who is yet unknowne, nor will the Governour urge the knowledge, but sends him back to Court; that the Duke may take notice of all.

*Cap.* Come, lets to the Litto, and set our helps to find the Body.

*Both.* Content. *Exeunt*

---

## Actus 4. Scena 1.

*Enter the Duke and a Messinger.*

*Duke.*

BVt have you found the body?

*Mess.* Wee have my Lord
With long laborious search, it was three Tydes
Lockt in the armes of *Neptune*, who at length
Enforc'd by maine constraint resign'd it up,
But all the face so mangled and deform'd,
That but his clothes, nought could have made it known,
The which embalm'd we straight clos'd up in Lead,
And with the murderer brought it to your Grace,
That after his due exequies perform'd,
You might quench sorrow in revenge, and draw
His blood, whose hand hath spilt best part of yours.

*Duke.* Thou art deceiv'd, good friend, 'twas not his hand,
But the just hand of Heaven that whips my sinnes,
And through my Veins powres out the innocent blood
Which I had spilt before; the hand that holds
The equall Ballance to discerne the waight
'Twixt Princes justice and their tyrannie,

Measures their blessings and their plagues, alike,
To their faire vertues or black infamies,
And makes the horrid acts of murderous mindes
But instruments of plague to punish guilt;
And pay us in the coyne with which we hop'd
To buy our gluttonous surfets. Such is the state
Of Princes priviledge, that we may runne
Into the depth of sinne, and uncontroul'd
Pull vengeance on our heads, while the smooth hand
Of pestilent flattery claps us on the back,
And gives us edge to villany, till they see
Misery and desolation close us round;
Then they flie back, and gaze, as on a place
Stricken with furious thunder in a storme:
When every vulgar hand has lawes, and feare
Of prying authority to hold him backe,
And friendly enemies to upbraid him with
His faults, and keepe him in the bounds of mercy,
Onely our height bereaves us of these helps,
And wee are sooth'd in vices, till we runne
Beyond the reach of grace, and stand within
The shot of heavieſt vengeance, which seldome comes
Short of our merits---O my sonne! my sonne!
I shall grow madd with griefe: my frighted conscience
Opens the Booke, where I doe view my sinnes,
And feele the furies with their wounding whips
Lashing my guilty soule to penitence.
*Mess.* I was unhappy
To bee the messenger of this ill newes. *exeunt.*

*Enter* Lucilio *disguised as before, meeting at the other doore* Fioretta, *her haire downe, strewing the way with greene hearbs and flowers.*

*Luci.* Who's this? *Fioretta* the Lady *Iulia's* woman?
My heart! what meanes her habit?

*Fioretta*

Fioretta *sings this following to some mournfull tune.*

*Come Lovers bring your cares,*
*Bring sigh-perfumed sweets,*
*Bedew the grave with teares,*
*Where death and vertue meets:*
*Sigh for the hapleſſe houre*
*That knit two hearts in one,*
*And onely gave love power*
*To die when 'twas begun.*

*Lucil.* Saving your mirth faire Lady, what preparation's this?

*Fior.* a Bridall ſir; true love and greatneſſe be divorc'd, and now they bee both going to be married to misfortune.

*Lucil.* 'Twas a marriage long ſince, my ſelfe was at the wedding: But be a little plainer, & tell me who it is to be maried?

*Fior.* Indeed Sir, Beauty, Vertue, and too much faith for a woman, are going to the cold armes of a ſullen Churle, one that conſumes ere hee lets goe: yet hee is better than your other husbands are; he forſakes them not, leaves them not in miſery, hee wooes them not with flatteries, and poyſons with unkindneſſe: hee never ſweares, and lies, but continues faithfull till Doomes-day. Who be you?

*Lucil.* A ſtranger in your City, a poore Husbandman.

*Fior.* A poore Husband? then thou art a poore diſſembler, a poore murderer: O you husbands kill more than ſcurvie Phyſitians, or a plaguy Summer. But art a ſtranger?

*Lucil.* A very ſtranger here.

*Fior.* Why that's all one, thou canſt not bee a ſtranger to her fame, if thou haſt liv'd but a moneth in the world. Poor innocent *Althea* makes her laſt mariage, and I am one of her Bridemaids.

*Lucil.* To whom for loves ſake?

*Fior.* To her grave for love's ſake, an honeſt Husband: tis better then the Dukes ſonne, that ſent her from the City, to dye in the Mountaines? Ah 'twas unkindly done, not to goe nor ſend after her! yet poore Lord hee is kill'd, dead too now, and has met her Hearſe here——

So thoſe two ſoules that ne'r were borne to have-

A Nuptiall Bed, have found a Nuptiall Grave.

*Beauty and Vertue ſtrove*
*Who ſhould adorne her moſt,*
*Till faith conſpir'd with love,*
*And all their labours croſt.*

*Lucil.* *Antonio* kill'd! *Althea* buried!
Then thou haſt liv'd *Lucilio* to behold
The height of miſchiefe, and the worſt of chance,
And thou maiſt dare thy angry Starres to inflict
What ere they can effect, that's worſe than this.
Murderd thy friends! ruin'd their ancient names!
Hatefull to thy Parents, lothſome to thy ſelfe!
O 'tis high time to die, and I doe wrong
*Althea's* conſtancy to breath an houre
After I know ſhe has prevented me.
Methinkes I heare love chide my backwardneſſe,
And tell me how unworthy I am growne,
To have two friends ſo firmely vertuous,
Conſtant and loyall, and outlive them both,
Yea be their Murderer, and ſtand alive
Spectator at their funerall, as I would bid
The reſt weep on, whil'ſt I give ayme to teares,
And marke who grieves moſt deep at my foule actions.

Lucilio *ſtands aſide.*

*Enter at one doore the Coarſe of the Dukes ſuppoſed Sonne, borne by Mourners, and following it the Duke and Ducheſſe, with others, in mourning robes. At the other doore, the Heawſe for* Althea, *with the Scarfe which* Antonio *brought from the Shepherds, laid a croſſe it, and borne by foure maides in blacke, with their haire diſheveld, and Garlands of dead Mirtle, or other leaves, on their heads, her Mother with ſome Mourners following. Torches before both, and meeting they ſtay.*

*Duke.* So then, let Fortune make a period here,
Since we are met juſt in the midſt of woe,
And ſtand upon the Center of miſhap.

Whence we may see the full circumference
Of all that Sphere, that bounds the power of Fate.
Come Madam we will mixe our teares a while,
Dropping them joyntly on the Marble Tombes
Of our dead Issue, till the stones receive
Large Characters of griefe, carv'd by the drops
That ceaseleſſe flow from our too late laments.
*Iul.* Great Lord, if woes with woes may be compar'd,
Or to the measure of our cause of griefe
Wee might in sad contention drop our teares,
Shower for your drop, Pound for your dramme of woe
My breſt and eyes would yeeld, which now are growne
A boundleſſe harbour for the depth of care.
For though wee meet in this, that both have loſt
The deareſt treasures of desired life,
Yet hath your Grace a partner in distreſſe
A comfort to the reſidue of your yeares,
And therefore hope that Heaven may yet reſtore
This ruine of your Houſe. Beſides you have
The body of your ſonne, on whoſe dead Coarſe
You may beſtow your teares, and honour him
With fitting place and Royall *exequies*:
When Heaven hath ſhut thoſe comforts from my heart,
Left me a widow to ſuſtaine the waight
Of all this burden, and no partner elſe
To bring mine aged haires unto the grave
But ſtill repining griefe: and am deny'd
The aſhes of my childe, on whoſe cold Hearſe
Mine eyes might pay thoſe tributary teares
Which her misfortune, and my woes exact,
And onely can embrace an empty ſhrine.
Yet my good Lord, I oft forget my cares
To grieve at yours, and wiſh *Althea's* death
Might have ſuffic'd the anger of the Fates,
Without *Lucilio's* blood, whoſe guiltleſſe fall
Hath ſtrook a ſadneſſe through th'appalled lookes
Of all your ſubjects, made them ſtand amaz'd,
And wonder there ſhould live upon the earth
Envy enough to blaſt ſuch graceſull hopes.

*Duke*. Let me be open Madam to your love,
'Tis but the doome of Iuſtice I ſuſtaine;
I know I wrong'd your daughters innocence,
And onely know it now, for plagues make knowne
That, oft, for ſinne, which once we thought was none.
*Iul*. No my good Lord, ſhee was not innocent,
In that ſhe bounded not her looſeſt thoughts
Within our element but would admit
The dangerous fires, of ambitious love
Into her Virgin breſt, that's ſafelyeſt knit
Where all proportion juſtly equals it.
*Duch*. Wrong not her worth good Madam, the power of death
Is weake to ſtaine her name, and we were bleſt
If ſuch perfection, joyn'd unto our Blood,
Had with our ſonne ſucceeded in the Throne
Of this unhappy and dejected State.
Beleeve me Madam I did ever love
*Althea's* Vertues, and was inly glad
When by that Stratagem my ſon had freed
Her innocence (as I proteſt I thought)
And wiſh'd her ſcape as ſafe from that injuſtice
As could my heart deſire.
*Iul*. Alas good Madam, I have felt your Grace
Still loving to my daughters poore deſerts,
And nothing did increaſe my ſorrowes more
Then that I wanted meanes how to requite
Your Graces love.
*Duke*. Come, we forget our ſelves in Ceremonies,
And waſte the time, whoſe every inſtant yeelds
Scarce ſpace enough for that large taske of griefe
Sorrow exacts each inſtant from our hearts,
Good Madam wee will conſecrate one Tombe
To both their Memories: and ſince in life
Their hearts were ſo united by Loves hand,
In death their Graves ſhall joyne: ſo will our ſelves
Bequeath the remnant of our dayes from hence,
You to ſad cares, and we to penitence.

*Exeunt the Torch-Bearers and both Coarſes joyning, the Duke, Ducheſſe, L. Iulia, &c. following.*

*Lucil*

*Lucil.* You to ſad cares, and wee to pœnitence—
Why then you'll feed upon the bitter fruits
Of your ambition, and by experience finde,
Vertue, not Honour is heaven unto the minde.
Deare Father, I conceive your griefe, as true
As is my love, and feele methinkes a ſting,
That ſpurs me onward to prevent the plagues
My loſſe will bring upon your hoary age,
And makes me thinke I heare the frequent voyce
Of potent Nature whiſper to mine eare
The duty that I owe, and bids me meet
Thoſe miſchiefes quickly, by diſcovering mee:
But the perſwaſion's weake when I muſt owe
More then a duty, or all Natures ſelfe
To the chaſte merits of *Althea's* love,
Who was the firſt I murdred; then the name
Of holy freindſhip, which my requeſt abus'd
In lov'd *Antonio*, whom I murdred next:
My debt's above a life, which though I give,
My ghoſt muſt be a ſlave to pay the reſt,
And their deſerts ſtand yet unſatisfy'd.
But ô yee Spirits of truth! whoſe conſtant faiths
Merit perhaps to heare theſe laſt laments
My dying ſoule powres forth; be pleas'd to take
The poore oblation of a loathſome life,
Which I as gladly vow unto your loves,
As miſery would turne it ſelfe to bliſſe.
And ſince I was a murderer to your worths,
Ile chuſe that death that murderers doe paſſe;
And thou hadſt liv'd *Antonio*, if thy love
Had not before with-held me from the fall,
And ſaving onely me hath murdred all. *exit.*

*Enter* Antonio *and Lady* Iulia.

*Anton.* Madam,
My love to you and to that vertuous Lord
Could doe no leſſe: I doe aſſure your Ladiſhip
The murderer has confeſs'd, in hope of life,
The circumſtances, meanes, and opportunity
Which you ſo fitly urg'd, and hath incens'd

The

The Duke so violently against your selfe,
That he has vow'd your death, & doth intend
A sharp revenge to all your family.
And but I know *Lucilio* yet does live,
Beleeve me Madam I should hate the fact,
And be the first should feed my thirsty eyes
With their best blood, that spilt least part of his.
*Iul.* Alas *Antonio*, what would you have me doe,
When I beheld my daughter murdred thus
'Twixt love and hate, and I no meanes of help
To take revenge, or comfort to my griefe?
*Anto.* Well Madam let's not stand to expostulate
The cause; the act was foule, and (but the hand
Of Heaven turn'd it from him 'gainst whō you meant it)
Hatefull, and worthy of the deep'st revenge.
Your way is now to shun the furious wrath
The Duke's enflamed with, and for a while
Lie close in some disguise, till the lost Prince
Make his returne, who doubtlesse will ere long
Give notice to my selfe where he remaines:
And for your farther assurance Lady, Ile take
Some strange attire with you, and we will both
Be present at the Execution.
Where you shall heare perhaps the latest words
The murderer will speake against your selfe,
And in the presence of the Duke avouch
Your guiltinesse.
*Iul.* Thankes good *Antonio*, There the gift is free,
When 'tis bestow'd on deepest miserie. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Althea *in her Shepherdesses apparell over her owne, which she putting off layes aside.*

*Alth.* Lie there thou gentle weed, that hast prolong'd
A weary life, thou whose dissembling shape
Has help'd me reach the place which drew that life
As an attractive Load-stone to it's end.
Some friendly Passinger will for this reward
Bestow perhaps a buriall on my Coarse;
And be my death as freely exempt from sight

As is my griefe, that never innocent eyes
May bee infected with those fumes of guile
My lateſt gaſpe breathes forth, reſerv'd till now
To bee unfortunate in all ſave this,
That I ſhall ſacrifice my deareſt blood
Vpon that Altar where *Lucilio* dyed,
And let one aire receive our joyned ſpirits
And ſacrifices to *Faiths* Deitie.
*She goes up the Rocke quickly, and ſtanding ready.*
And witneſſe now you zealous thoughts of love,
Witneſſe the vowes my affection held ſo deare,
*Enter* Lucilio *in his owne habit, and walkes a turne.*
My ſoule comes unconſtrain'd to you deare Lord,
And parts as freely from a gladſome heart,
As ere it wiſh'd to enjoy the lively ſight
Of your deſired preſence--- *She ſpies him as below.*
—— Awake my fancy, doe mine eyes conſpire
To aggravate my griefe, or does the ſtrong
Imagination of my loſſe preſent the ſhape
Of his dead perſon to my troubled ſenſe?
*Lucil.* What ſtrange confuſed paſſions 'gin to raiſe
A ſtormy combate 'twixt my minde and death!
Though ſafely now arriv'd within the Port
Where for exchange of breath I ſhall regaine
The long deſired preſence of her ſoule
That hovers in expectation of my comming.
*Alth.* Methinkes I ſleep, that, thus illuſive ſhowes
Doe mock my apprehenſion: or is't decreed
That even in death I muſt indure affliction?
And die in height of woe? How like his pace,
His geſture, ſhape, and countenance! true conſtant ſpirit!
(That wouldſt not be unleſſe thou mightſt be true)
Did not my greedy ſight diſtract my thoughts
To feed upon thy ſhadow, and make me forget
My buſineſſe next in hand: I ſhould have flowne
To be a ſhadow, and have walk'd with dead
*Lucilio*--- *(As hearing ſomewhere the voyce of his name.*
*Lucil. Lucilio*! was it my fond conceit? or elſe (my ſelfe
Standing betwixt the bounds of life and death)

Her ghoſt, that lookes each minute for my approach,
Thinkes my ſtay long, and cals upon my name?
I come *Althea*, ſwift as breake the windes
From out the *Eolian* Caves, give mee but ſpace
To take my flight from off that ——

*He lookes u, to the Rocke, and ſeeing her ſtands a while amaz'd.*

Bright Angell! Goddeſſe! whatſoe'r thou art
That haſt aſſum'd that ſhape to adorne thy ſtate,
And give a better luſtre to thy Deity;
Doe not delude my woes, nor make my death
More miſerable then my ſelfe have done.

*Alth.* It does invite me ſpeak, and with his ſilent looks,
Seemes to intreat a word, yet my faint heart
Throbbing with feare, denies to ſecond ſpeech.

*Lucil.* Be what thou wilt; I know no ſpirit of night
Durſt to attempt that forme, that ne'r was made
But to inveſt a ſoule more faire and pure
Then are the Spheres. Ghoſt! Angel! Goddeſſe! Nimph!
Speake, daine a word to tell me what thou art,
That thus appearſt in ſuch a glorious ſhape
To intercept my death? Art thou an Angel
That thus wouldſt ſhew the world what they have loſt
By ſeeing her heavenly forme? Or art thou elſe
Some ſpirit of Diviner excellence
That haſt put on that ſhadow, thine owne nature
To beautifie? Or does *Althea's* ghoſt
Come thus to meet and chide my ſlothfulneſſe?
Or has thy worth chaſte Nymph, deſerv'd to ſcape
The hand of death, and made thy perfect ſelfe
All ſoule, immortall, and an unmixt ſpirit,
That thoſe rich vertues which great nature heapt
In thy creation, might by envious death
Ne'r be diſſolv'd, nor the cold ſenſleſſe earth
Embrace and taint thy pure delicious beauty,
For which the Starres grew envious to the world?
What ere thou art, if thou haſt ſenſe of griefe
But correſpondent to the ſhape thou bear'ſt,
Add not more torment to the depth of woe
That does accompany my death, and urge

No more the sight and memory of her
Whom I have wrong'd; envy has left me nought
But life to yeeld in satisfaction,
Which here I come to tender as thy due:
Or if thou doubtst the payment, and didst come
To take a view how willingly I dyed;
Then be my witnesse that the chased Stagge
Flies not more swiftly to the cooling streames
Then I to death ———

*He runnes up to the Rocke, where both meeting, shew passions of feare.*

*Alth.* Stay.
*Lucil.* Speake.
*Alth.* O stay deare love!
*Lucil.* Speake, speake thou heavenly spirit,
And tell me since thy selfe art made Divine,
What makes thee come in confines of the wretched,
And mixe thy selfe with us whose earthly loades
Detaine us yet in life and misery?
*Alth.* Why, I doe live.
*Lucil.* I know thou dost, thou wert not fram'd to die,
Nor at thy birth, when Heaven and Nature joyn'd
To give thee those rich Dowries thou enjoy'st,
Did they intend to make such excellence
Mortall and subject to the stroke of death.
But where deficient Nature could extend
Her force no farther to preserve thy life,
Heaven would supply the want, and turne thy state
To immortality, yet why shouldst thou,
When I have seene thy Funerals perform'd,
Come to afflict me, and augment my griefe?
*Alth.* Sweet love, if you doe live, as feare and hope
'Twixt adverse passions make me doubtfull yet,
Know that I live as when we parted last,
Nor ere was yet interr'd.
*Lucil.* No, no, the earth grew feeling of her losse,
And grieving to be robb'd of such a jemme,
Refus'd to shut that treasure in her wombe
Where foule corruption must have tainted it;

Or did my fortunes yet beyond thy death
Purſue thee farther, and bereaving firſt
Thy innocent life, in ſome forſaken wood
Leave thee unburyed, and thy reſtleſſe ghoſt
Comes now to ſeeke a Sepulcher of me?

*Alth.* Great Lord, recall your ſelfe, and give me leave
To ſpeake what will reſolve this doubtfull maze
In which your ſenſes wander, and can finde
No paſſage out. Since I laſt left your Grace
Travelling in that diſguiſe, I loſt indeed
*Camilla*, poore Companion of my cares:
But hearing that your ſelfe in ſhape of me
Was by your Fathers doome throwne off this Rock,
Knowing my ſufferance guilty of your death,
I came to end my life where you had dyed,
And expiate the murder with my blood
Where 'twas committed on your guiltleſſe ſelf,
Reſerv'd by Heavens mild hand to this bleſt houre
Wherein our innocent loves might once more meet
In ſpight of envie.

*Lucil.* Lives my *Althea* then?
Then live *Althea* ſtill! But ſpeake no more
Leſt the vaſt Tyde of joy o'rwhelme my ſoule,
And kill as quick as griefe: Or my ſad heart
Vnable to ſuſtaine this burden of wonder,
Sinke and yeeld vanquiſh'd. I have much to aske,
But let it reſt: yet tell me how thou far'dſt
In this long baniſhment?---ſtay, who comes yonder?
Now the wind's turn'd, and fortunes laviſh hand
Powres downe content beyond expectation.

*Enter Duke and Ducheſſe with Officers bringing* Aſſaſſino *to execution, after them the* L. Iulia *and* Antonio *both diſguiſed.*

*Duke.* Come thou inhumane murderer of my ſonne,
Traytor unto thy Countries ſtate and ſafety,
And now before the ſtroke of Iuſtice ſeize
Thy hatefull life, reſolve the wondring world
Why the ſlight motives of a womans words
Should winne thee to ſo foule and horrid crimes?

*Aſſaſ.* What I have ſaid your ſelfe are witneſſe to.
Nor needs it be renew'd; nor can I adde
One word or ſyllable to make it more.
*Duke.* Then let the Execution proceed,
That wee may doe this lateſt *Exequie*
To his wrong'd ghoſt, which is to ſee his blood
Reveng'd with blood of thoſe that murdred him,
As we have vow'd to doe, and not to leave
Theſe weeds of ſorrow, till we have conſum'd
The race and name of them that did conſpire
In this abhorred Action: And would it might
Suffice the injuries we did his life,
Thus to revenge his too untimely death;
And from that height——
*He ſees them on the Rocke, and ſtands amaz'd.*
Am I awake, or dreame I? Is it my fancy
Breeds this deluſive ſhow in my weak braine?
Or doe their ſoules come to condemne our guilt,
More cõſcious of their death, then whõ we have brought
To die for it? See, doe thy dazled eyes
Perceive that object which my ſelfe beholds:
Or is't ſome ſhadow that abuſes mee?
And none but mee?
*Duch.* My ſonne my Lord, my ſonne!
More knowne by's ghoſt, then if his living forme
Had met mine eyes: ô ſpeake to him my Lord!
*Duke.* If thou beeſt ſuch as is thy ſemblance,
By all that duty that thy life did owe
Vnto a Parent; by the Bands once due,
Of Love and Nature, that unites the ſoules
Of children and their carefull nouriſhers,
I doe adjure thee tell, why in this midd'ſt
Of day you come thus to renew our griefe?
What has there wanted to your Funerals,
When we have wept us dry, and ſpent our teares
More thicke than winter ſhowers upon your Hearſe?
Done all the Rites and *Exequies* were due
To your interring? And have vow'd revenge
To all that did conſpire in that foule Act

Of

Of thy too guiltleſſe murder
*Lucil.* Know that wee are return'd
From out thoſe Seats of Bliſſe where we were plac'd
By your unjuſt proceedings, to make knowne
That what you did was 'gainſt the will of Fate.
For ſee, what you deny'd upon the earth,
The power of Heaven does grant, and has confirm'd
Our long-borne loves with an Eternall peace:
Where our two ſoules in ſweeteſt union knit,
Enjoy their Nuptials out of Envies reach.
Yet know there are ſome puniſhments reſerv'd
For the vile Treaſons practis'd in purſuite
Of our unmerited wrongs; and that their ſinne
Is mark'd for plagues, that ſeeke by force to breake
The League that Love and Faith doe joyntly knit.
*Duke.* Then let 'hem fall, wee are prepar'd for woes
Though ſhot as thick as Haile from out the Clouds,
Our guilt is greater than thoſe puniſhments,
Or all our future plagues can expiate.
*The Duke and Ducheſſe both kneele.*
Yet on our bended knees thus low to earth
As we did both conſpire in that foule plott
We here entreat your pardons, and withall
Wiſh the offended Heavens would bee appeas'd
With Vowes and Oriſons; and would your ghoſts
Forget thoſe injuries wee did your loves
And reſt in peace with us, and with the world.
*Lucil.* Father we will, but ſhould we live againe,
You would not yet relent, and yeeld our loves
The ſufferance you ſee the Heavens have done.
*Duke.* By Heavens I would; nor ſhould the potent'ſt hand
Of earth reſiſt your preſent Nuptials.
*Lucil.* Then wee'll be ghoſts no more, but ever ſue
For your mild ſufferance of our happineſſe.
*Come downe, both kneele.*
*Duke.* Wonder and amazement do not oppreſſe me!
*Duch.* O we are bleſt beyond deſert!
*Alth.* Yet is my joy but ſmall amidſt your many,
Since you have burnt my innocent Mother,

And razd our Family.

*Iul.* No my deare daughter, see I safely live
Ne'r blest till now, and now o'r-joyd with blisse,

*Lucil.* Then joyes would be compleate had I not lost
By thy vile murderous hand so deare a friend.

*Anton.* Your friend still lives, and never felt his life
Sweet till this instant, when I may behold
These joyes combin'd.

*Duke.* Why then there nothing wants
But celebration of your Nuptials,
Which we will doe with greater signes of joy,
Then we had griefe in your supposed Funeralls.
But whose death is this murderer guilty of?

*Ant.* Onely *Alastors*, a fellow as wicked as himself.

*Duke* We give him then his life, but banish him
From our Dominions: and for this strange event
We will expect a farther leisure
To heare the whole discovery of the chance,
And leave the rest to mirth, that shall command
In all our Feasts, and whom wee'll Crowne as King,
To be chiefe Lord in all our Banquetting.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Omnia vincit amor; & nos cedamus amori.*

The

## The Epilogue.

IVdging Spectators all, for this wee know,
That either you are such, or should be so,
Now to your censures lowly as his minde
Our Authour all submits, and hopes to finde
In such a faire assembly no such eyes
As scoute at Theaters, and come like flies
To taint the innocent'st labours with their tongues,
Raising their richest games from others wrongs:
If such an envious Canker hap to lurke
Here, and hath onely fate to taxe the worke
With curious scanning; let that envy know
He scornes his censure onely, and can show
'Gainst all such labour'd hisses, *Persius* Shield,
In such a fearlesse Pen as ne'r shall yeeld,
'Till his cold merits doe his worth bewray,
Or make himselfe a mewing Statua.
Nor is he of those self-admiring Apes
That thinke none's features faire, whose birth escapes
Their labouring braines; hee heares and sees, and knowes,
And yeelds all reverence to the worth of those
VVhom solid Art extols, and unto such
Hee humbly vailes his Scene, that for the touch
Of unaffecting censures hither came;
Hee sought your mirth more than a Poets name.

FINIS.